

PASTIME PAPERS



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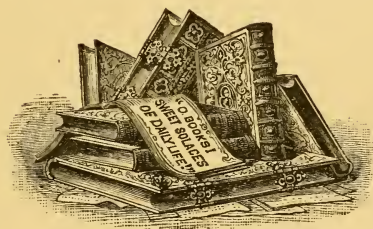


PASTIME PAPERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Salad for the Solitary and the Social," etc.

Frederick Saunders, 1807-1902



*"Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."*

NEW YORK:
THOMAS WHITTAKER,
2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE.

1885.

Title

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1888

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THE APOLOGY.

“THE prevalence of melancholia, mild or intense, among the cultivated classes, and especially among educated and reflective men, in these days, would, there are good grounds for believing, seem portentous, could it only be faithfully set forth. Could the secrets of some case-books be revealed, it would be found that men in high places, professional men in active employment, business men in prosperous circumstances, literary men who are delighting the world with their wit and genius, artists who are illuminating life with glowing colors, students who are gaining prizes and distinctions, tradesmen who have climbed to success on the ruin-heaps of competition, and idlers who have only to amuse themselves, all are visited by melancholy, — revealed only to their doctors, and sometimes to their domestic circles, — which darkens existence as with terrible storm-clouds now and then, or robs it persistently of brightness, reducing it to a monotonous leaden gloom.”¹

This strange and ominous statement, emanating

¹ London Medical Times.

from such an authority, is certainly worthy of attention. So severe and exacting are the demands made upon the mind in the various departments of professional and mercantile life, that it is not difficult to believe the above portraiture to be no exaggeration of our condition in these boasted days of advanced civilization.

Mind, like muscle, cannot be overworked with impunity: both alike require relaxation and rest, and rest means recuperation. But the mind diseased cannot be ministered unto so easily as the muscle; and the nervous system is, for the most part, the man. For a jaded and overtaxed brain, recreation is the specific; and a little mirth and merriment may prove an excellent alterative.

“Mirth is the medicine of life;
It cures its ills, it calms its strife:
It softly smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there.”

Shakspeare indorses this in his *Taming of the Shrew*, where we read, “Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.” While some find their highest enjoyment in the magic of music, others may prefer “the dainties that are bred in a book:” and, certes, literary

recreation is at once inspiring and energizing to an appreciative and cultivated taste ; for such, indeed, what nobler entertainment could be devised ? It is a good thing to be able to boast that we “ have neither the scholar’s melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician’s, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier’s, which is proud ; nor the soldier’s, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer’s, which is politic ; nor the lady’s, which is nice ; nor the lover’s, which is all of these.” Surely no one can fail to indorse the healthful sentiment, that “ a single burst of mirth is worth a whole season of sighs and cries with melancholy ;”¹ or dispute the verity of that excellent aphorism, that “ a cheerful philosophy is the best in all seasons, especially in dull weather, since it beguiles one of its gloom.”

A thoughtful writer² has well said, “ While reason expands the mind of the philosopher, and imagination glorifies that of the poet, wit and humor, with their flashes and gleams, light up our every-day life, and minister most bounteously to the innocent pleasures of mankind.” Should any one, then, who may chance to read these lines, have caught the contagion above referred to, be he valetudinarian or moody monomaniac, be he in quest of some literary tonic or restorative,

¹ Hood.² Hare.

— in the absence of any better expedient, — let him try what effect these *Pastime Papers* may have upon his nervous system. Being the result of leisure evenings, as a recreative after the sterner duties of the day, possibly they may serve a like purpose with the reader. Yet not alone to the dyspeptic or the sickly do they make their appeal, but equally to the “healthy, wealthy, and wise.” Whatever, therefore, be the defects and shortcomings of these desultory essays, should they but have the good fortune to while away pleasantly a leisure hour, or beguile any person of a gloomy one, they will not have been written in vain. Hoping such a result may be attained, it is only necessary to add, in the words of an Elizabethan bard, that, —

“All these things here collected are not mine, —
But divers grapes make but one kind of wine:
So I, from many learned authors, took
The various matters written in this book;
Some things are very good, — pick out the best, —
Good wits compiled them; and — I wrote the rest.”

FREDERICK SAUNDERS.

PASTIME PAPERS.

*“Sweet Recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull Melancholy,—
Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair?
And at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.”*

NOTES ON NAMES.

OF course the reader will ask, with the Bard of Avon, "What's in a name?" Well, Carlyle shall answer. He insists that "there is much, nay, almost all, in a name. The name," he continues, "is the earliest garment wrapt around the earth, to which it thenceforth cleaves more tenaciously than the very skin. There are names which have lasted nigh thirty centuries. Not only all common speech, but science, poetry itself, — if thou consider it, — is no other than a right naming." Then, again, the old philosophers thought a good deal of names. There were the several schools, and those of the "Nominalists" and "Realists," — the first holding that all general ideas are but *names*, the other as strenuously insisting that ideas are the *essence of things*. The philological feud has been going on for centuries, and is none the nearer adjustment than when it began.

Do you still persist in asking, "What's in a name?" Put the question to yourself, Is your own patronymic nothing to you? Rather, is it not more interesting to you than any other vocal sound? Is it not, indeed,

indissolubly connected with your hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, — nay, with your reputation and your very existence itself ?

The fact is, a name is something to a man. To some is it not a passport to fame and renown? to others, a badge of shame and reproach? Who, then, will longer dispute with us the question, or dare to undervalue the little verbal adjunct to his existence, his name? True, it is conferred, or rather imposed, upon him without consultation or consent; but, as it is in accordance with a custom which has received the sanction of law, there is no demurring against it. How could we get along in the world without names? What incessant confusion would take place as to who's who! Even the most insignificant waif of humanity, if without almost every thing else, is sure to have a name given to him by his progenitor or some benevolent philanthropist. Possibly the name conferred upon the helpless one may savor of the circumstances or locality in which he was found; but the endowment lasts through life, and puts him permanently in the nominative case.

According to a classic motto, — *Bonum omen, bonum nomen*, — a good name is a good omen; and Shakespeare affirms, that “good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls.” May we not, therefore, transpose the question before us, and put it thus: What is there not in a name? Since, then, it is the representative and inseparable associate of its possessor, is it not both natural and right that we should

guard it from assault, and prize it more than gems and all precious metals? Had we no name, indeed, we should be worse off than Peter Schlemihl, who had no shadow; he having, it is said, sold it to the Devil. How should we become known to one another were we unable to call each other names? Thus much, then, for the present, as to personal names.

Without names, what would become of our national archives, and the records of fame, our commerce, our social and civil affairs? A name is, evidently, therefore, a *sine qua non* in civilization. Even among the rudest tribes, it is not easy to imagine that names were not in vogue to designate persons as well as things; although it has been surmised that the ancient Scythians were, like some of the tribes of the wild Bushmen, nameless! Fortune, who is represented as being blind, has even sometimes determined questions of great moment by name; an instance being that of a certain Spanish maiden, who, because she was endowed with a poetic *name*, won the crown of France over the rival charms of her more beautiful sister. Names renowned are towers of strength. Names are not merely nominal things: they possess a mystic power, and sometimes sway the destinies of empires. What a potent charm was enshrined in the name Napoleon to all France! What terror it carried to her beleaguered hostile hosts! Are names not mnemonics of ancient heroism and martial achievement — those world-renowned names, Cæsar, Alexander, Philip of Macedon, and Charlemagne?

The origin of names is, of course, coeval with the race. The primal pair had their proper names direct from their Creator, and Adam was divinely instructed to designate the lower orders of creation by name. In the earliest ages, our patriarchal ancestors seem to have been content with a single name. It was when the Romans agreed with the Sabines that they should annex their names with their own, that what we call surnames commenced. The Romans, in process of time, multiplied their surnames, to distinguish the particular branches of a family, to which they sometimes added a third to perpetuate the memory of some remarkable event, such as that of Africanus, assumed by Scipio ; and Torquatus, by Manlius. These three different kinds of names were severally distinguished by the terms, *nomen*, *cognomen*, and *agnomen*. The *agnomen* of the Romans was imitated by other nations, including the English, for the race of their princes ; as Edmund Ironside, William Rufus, Edward the Black Prince, Harold Harefoot ; in France, Louis le Débonnaire, etc.

Surnames began to be in general use in England during the reign of Edward the Confessor. The change in nomenclature then took place in populated and civilized European societies, and surnames became the hereditary (family) name. Thus, the baron was named after his estate ; the commoner, after some local or personal characteristic or craft. Proper, or personal, names may be said long since to have become common ; since every Christian or civilized parent imposes

upon his offspring an added, or Christian, name to that which is the family patronymic.

What name shall be given to the little local brevity, that has just made his or her advent among us, is the question? Every new-comer, of course, has an indefeasible right to his name, to his individuality, to be himself, and no other; and, before this fact, parent and guardian should stand reverently. Charles Lamb justly protested against imposing inappropriate names upon children, when some one was about to call his hopeful son Nicodemus. No less ludicrous was the custom of our Puritan forefathers, who delighted to adorn their progeny with such patronymics as "Praise-God Barebone," "Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith," "Kill Sin," "Make-Peace," "Search-the-Scriptures," "Faint-Not," etc. Equally absurd is the folly of designating some scion of obscure origin by the high-sounding and pretentious names of Washington, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, or Wellington.

One of our Western bishops, having a dislike to the use of Greek and Latin proper names for children, on one occasion thus manifested it. When a child was presented for baptism, on inquiring the name, he was told, "Marcus Tullius Cicero." The incensed bishop replied, "Tut, tut! with your heathenish nonsense! Peter, I baptize thee;" and Peter he continued to be called through life.

In an English country-town, some years since, a person rejoicing in the appellative of *Frogg* brought his child to be christened. When asked for the Christian

name, it was given John, to which was added the maiden name of the mother, *Bull*; so that the name of the little Frogg from that time onward stood John Bull Frogg.

The Celtic prefix to family names in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, Mac, O', and Ap, each means *son*. The English still retain the old Saxon suffix. For example, Williamson, the son of William; Smithson, the son of Smith. The Norman Fitz, which has erroneously been supposed to indicate illegitimacy, means also son: thus, Gibbon's son is Fitzgibbon. Lower, referring to the old custom of the Welsh linking to their own names those of their ancestors six or eight generations back, tells us of a church at Llangollen, Wales, dedicated to "St. Collin-ap-Gwynnawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap - Cowrda - ap - Caradoc - Freichfras - ap - Llyn-Merion-ap-Einion-Yrth-ap-Cunedda-Wledig," a name that casts that of the Dutchman into the shade. Look at it! *Inkvervankodsderspankinkadrachdern!*

It is generally believed that the most popular of family names, or surnames, are those of Smith, Jones, Brown, and Robinson; and we do not propose to dispute their claim to the distinction. Of added, or Christian, names, the greatest numbers are claimed for those of Mary and William. The first is the great saint-name of the later Middle Ages, deriving its great original popularity from the exaggerated reverence paid in those days to the mother of our Lord. The other cognomen is to be traced principally to the fact that William of Normandy had it imposed upon him as his baptismal

name. However unlikely that this name of the Conqueror should thus have secured the popular approval and adoption, yet, in course of time, personal association won for it a victory as decisive as its ducal bearer had won for Normandy at Hastings. The many leading men who bore the Conqueror's name, passed it on largely, no doubt, to subordinate ranks in society, until it became more common than any other as a baptismal appellation. In addition to the original name, it gave rise to numerous cognominal derivatives, such as Williams, Williamson, Wilson, Willis, Willes, Wiley, Wilcox, and many other surnames in English, and their equivalents in Norman or French, — Guillaume, Guillemot, Guillot, etc.

Our subject being so wide-spread in its grasp, — comprehending, as it does, all climes and times, — we shall be excused if, in our treatment of it, we indulge in a little latitudinarianism. As it is not our purpose to attempt a treatise on patronymics, we shall rather content ourself with grouping together some of the ludicrous associations and curiosities of nomenclature generally. How many names have long ago become historic from their association with persons eminent and renowned ! Take, for instance, that of our primal ancestor, Adam, a name which his innumerable progeny have held in perpetual honor by its adoption, even to the present time. A similar distinction has been conferred upon that of the patriarch Abraham by his Hebraic descendants. The same might be affirmed concerning many other biblical names. In secular

history we have a multitude of such instances, — Alexander, the Macedonian warrior, whose name has been mnemonized by Pope Alexander, by Alexander Pope, and by the Czar of Russia, besides any number of less distinguished persons.

The name of Alfred is at once suggestive of England's greatest monarch as well as her present poet-laureate ; while that of Arthur reminds us of him who presided at the royalties of the Knights of the Round Table ; and the "Iron Duke," the hero of Waterloo. Charles seems to be identified with many memorable characters, such as Charlemagne, Charles XII. of Sweden, and the hapless monarch who lost his head, as well as the genial essayist, Charles Lamb. Christopher is suggestive of the great Genoese navigator who discovered the New World, and it also suggests to us the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral ; while Edmund reminds us of Spenser, the prince of poets, as well as the great statesman and orator, Burke. The name Edward brings before us a succession of England's kings, and a troop of eminent historians and men of note in science and song, including Gibbon, Jenner, Hyde, Young, etc. Frederick is represented by the great King of Prussia, and the German author, Schiller ; and Francis by the French king of the "Field of Cloth of Gold," as well as by the Italian poet, Petrarch ; the father of inductive philosophy, Bacon, and the quaint metaphysician, Quarles.

The British think much of George as a name ; it being that of their patron saint, of a line of their kings,

and a host of their men of celebrity : it is also suggestive of our own great Washington. Of the name Henry, it is enough to refer to the royal line of English monarchs, which did not improve by growth, if we are to judge by the record of the last that bore it.

In alphabetical order, we come now to the patriarchal name Isaac : and we are at once reminded of the greatest of natural philosophers, Newton ; our good friend Walton, of "The Complete Angler ;" and that most orthodox of hymnists, Watts. James, it will be remembered, was the name of one of England's kings, who, although he presided over the "authorized translation" of our Bible, yet did many weak things, and, among them, fulminated against "the *weed*." But the "Admirable Crichton," and Cook the circumnavigator, also bore the name of James, as did also Montgomery the poet, and others too numerous to detail. Jeremy is suggestive of good Bishop Taylor, the quaint author Collier, the political economist Bentham, and others, not forgetting its connection with the Diddler family of doubtful repute. The name John, of Scripture origin, is not only suggestive of Milton and Bright, but a race of English kings, and of England's people under the popular appellative of *John Bull*, that of *Jonathan* having been appropriated by ourselves. The former had its origin in 1712, when Arbuthnot, friend of Pope, published a political allegory, entitled "The History of John Bull." The latter took its rise from Washington, who, during the Revolutionary war, was accustomed to say in any emergency, "Let us consult Brother

Jonathan" (Gov. Jonathan Trumbull). It is remarkable that the music of the national anthem of Great Britain ("God save the King") was composed by one Dr. John Bull, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Thus much for Jonathan and John — not to refer to demijohn of doubtful reputation. But here we leave the list of notable Christian names to be completed by any whose curious taste in such matters may prompt them to the task.

The old English name of parson is probably a corruption of person — the person — *par excellence*. The quaint Fuller remarks that the Scriptures give four names to Christians, taken from the cardinal graces, — *saints*, for their holiness; *believers*, for their faith; *brethren*, for their love; *disciples*, for their knowledge.

It has been well said that names are "the keys of family histories, unlocking the secrets of ancestral lineage." Proud of our pedigree, how eagerly do we ransack the mouldy records of the past for the deeds and exploits of prowess and renown which won for our great-great-grandsire his distinctions and honors, as if, forsooth, we had a share personally in the toil and triumph. Pride of birth, or genealogy, is a poor apology for personal worth; better far to glory in the living present than in the dead past; to achieve one's own reputation than to assume the laurel-wreath of ancestral fame. Of all known patronymics, that of the inevitable Smith family is the most extensive and renowned. So colossal, indeed, are its ramifications, that it seems to be confined to no country, but is cos-

mopolitan. This world-renowned cognomen has left its imperishable impress upon our literature and history to an extent almost unparalleled, while its genealogies are traceable back to remotest antiquity. If the founder of his great family (Tubal Cain) derived his name, as is supposed, from his craft, then the modern worker in metals has a longer pedigree to boast than any peer or potentate extant. This honorable patronymic, none need suppose, can ever become lost to the world ; for the Smiths may be said to have been, and continue, first in war, first in peace, and first (numerically) in the esteem of their countrymen. True, the family escutcheon has occasionally suffered some blemish and dishonor by the evil doings of some black sheep of the flock ; but what flock is without one ? The popular name of Smith is suggestive of a trio scarcely inferior in renown : we refer to that of Jones, Brown, and Robinson. To a fertile imagination, the mere mention of their names will suffice to call up a host of memories that cluster around them. While we think of it, there is a good joke told of a person of the name of Brown, who, in our good city of Gotham, many years ago, entered into partnership with a Mr. Huggs. They jointly conducted a school ; and, as we have been informed, they announced their divided duties thus : Brown trains the boys, and Huggs the girls !

In this our metropolitan city, as much illumination is required, we have Gas, Burner, Burnup, Burns, Burnside, Lamp, Light, etc. As it is sometimes very cold

here, these meet this necessity ; and we have, also, Sparks, Furniss, and Bellows. Where such a populace have to be fed, of course the culinary department could not be neglected ; so we find Stove, Range, Pott, Kettle, Tubbs, Spoon, Plate, Cooke, Pepper, and Salt. That the said city is full of confusion, we need only refer to the following : Noyes, Tattler, Blab, Rumpus, Hurley, Burley, etc. And, lastly, notwithstanding it is the headquarters of republicanism, it yet has an aristocratic array of high-sounding titles, such as King, Queen, Duke, Earl, Lord, Baron, Count, Knight, Constable, and Squire !

We have been told, by undoubted authority, that there was in New-York City, several years ago, a firm with the strange combination of names, *Sharp & Steele*. It is further said, that they were in the cutlery business ; and one might almost be excused for suspecting them to be keen at a bargain, if even honest. There was, according to our informant, another unfortunate combination projected ; but, so strong was the moral conviction that it would be hopeless to seek patronage with such a patronymic, they abandoned it. The style of the proposed firm was to be Doolittle & Steele ! They argued the case in this wise : that no transposition would help it ; for whether it read Steele & Doolittle, or Doolittle & Steele, it would be of no avail, for nobody would trust them.

There lived, some few years since, in New Haven, Conn., three clergymen of the name of Wright, one living up-town, another down-town, and the third

among the mills. They were familiarly distinguished from each other as Up-Wright, Down-Wright, and Mill-Wright.

Names sometimes *seem* misapplied : for instance, there is in our metropolitan city a Silliman, who is learned in the law ; and a Goodenough, representing that popularly supposed fractional part of humanity, a tailor ; and, as if to cap the climax, a firm rejoicing in the unenviable distinction of Hawker & Spitzer !

Nott sounds like a negative among names, but it has positively represented a real personage of note ; for a president of Union College, in New-York State, bore that name, to the ripe age of ninety years. There is an incident told of him, connected with his name, worth repeating. In his boyhood, he was not disinclined to share the fun and frolic of youthful college-life ; and on one occasion, being charged with perpetrating some practical joke, he replied, "*I am Nott—the person who did it !*"

A clerical friend tells us that he was acquainted with a worthy *colored* minister of the Baptist Church, in Brooklyn, who was known among men as White. And that is not all ; for, when he died, his pulpit was occupied by a *white* man whose name was *Black* !

Sign-boards sometimes make strange appeals to us. In New Orleans, some few years ago, was one which announced, "A Poor Shoe-maker," without any point after the name.

It is curious to note that much of our culinary vocabulary is of Saxon or Norman origin. As the

Saxons were chiefly dependent upon vegetable diet, they gave names to our bread, beans, eggs, pease, and other products of the kitchen-garden. Of meat, though the word is Saxon, they ate probably little ; for it is a singular fact, connected with the English language, that while the living animals are called by Anglo-Saxon names, as oxen, calves, sheep, pigs, and deer, the flesh of those animals, when prepared for the table, is called by names which are all Anglo-Norman, — beef, veal, mutton, pork, venison. Even fowls, when killed, receive the Norman name of poultry. This is explained by the fact that the Saxon population in general was only acquainted with the living animals ; while their flesh was carried off to the castles and tables of the Norman barons, who gave it the names which it still retains.

In “Notes and Queries” we find two instances of the comic in the association of names in marriage ; viz., those of a Mr. Catt to a Miss Mew, and Mr. Tee to Miss Kettle. In the town of Warrington, it is stated, there once flourished four surgeons with their significant appellatives, Sharp, Keene, Hardy, and Steele !

Some names, like words, which are said to be the incarnation of ideas, are immortal. They live on through successive generations, losing none of their significancy or vital power. We all admit the force of the poet’s appeal in the lines, —

“Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The witchery, the magic, of a name ?”

Has not the mere mention of the name of the fair *inamorata* sent a thrill of pleasurable emotion through the heart of her lover?

“In days like a bright river’s flowing,
That joy and hope only pervade,
When we count happy hours in their going
By sunshine, and never by shade :
To my heart, in those moments of pleasure,
A light and a beauty it came ;
As a talisman, worth a world’s treasure,
Her name —
Yes ! — the spell was her name.”

What a mystic charm is enshrined in the cherished name of Mother ! What treasured memories of the sunny hours of life’s young dream does it not awaken in its maturer hours, and even to its very close ! And what a halo of light hovers over the hallowed precincts of *Home*, — that nursery of the affections, and citadel of the virtues !

Disraeli has justly remarked, that “favor or disappointment has been often conceded, as the name of the claimant has affected us ; and the accidental affinity or coincidence of a name connected with ridicule or hatred, with pleasure or disgust, has operated like magic.”

It is related, that, when a gentleman named Benjamin Ginning presented to the poor of Liverpool two hundred pounds, a wag styled it “a good B. Ginning,” which undoubtedly it was.

Some names, from being at first merely personal and professional, have since become fixed and patro-

nymical, such as Longshanks, Sheepshanks, Cruikshanks, and the like ; or the Bakers, Barbers, Tailors, Fishers, Coopers, Fowlers, Falconers, etc. Again, another class of appellatives has been derived from the animal kingdom, such as the Lyons, Lambs, Hawks, Ducks, Drakes, Goslings, Swans, etc. ; and from the vegetable kingdom, the Fields, Trees, Forests, Hills, Flowers, Greenfields, Greenwoods.

Puns upon names are not scarce. Coleman, the dramatist, on being asked whether he knew Theodore Hook, replied, "Oh, yes ! '*Hook and Eye*' are old associates." A clergyman, who had united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were Benjamin and Annie, on being asked by a mutual friend how they appeared during the ceremony, replied, that they seemed both *animated* and *benefited*.

The following play upon names was written on the occasion of a duel which took place many years ago in Philadelphia : —

"Schott and Willing did engage in duel fierce and hot :
Schott shot Willing willingly, and Willing he shot Schott.
The shot Schott shot, made Willing quite a spectacle to see,
Since Willing's willing shot went right through Schott's
anatomy."

Even Shakspeare is charged with rhythmical punning upon the maiden name of the Warwickshire beauty, whom he afterward married, Anne Hathaway : —

"Would ye, besought, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song, —

To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine, Anne Hathaway
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might, wondering, stop to hear :
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne hath a way —
She hath a way — Anne hath a way —
To breathe delight, Anne hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way.
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way !”

The Woods, of Lancashire, are said to be a distinguished family for character, wealth, and talent. The eldest son, John Wood, had been returned member of Parliament for Preston several times. A ludicrous circumstance once took place upon a trial where the head of the family, Ottiwell Wood, was examined as a witness. Upon his pronouncing his name, the judge requested him to spell it, which he did, thus : “O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O, D.” Upon which the astonished law-giver laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met with in his life ; and, after two or three attempts, he declared he was unable to record it.

Names of persons are sometimes found in strange juxtapositions. We remember to have seen, years ago, the ominous words, “Death, Undertaker,” inscribed on the side-wall of a house adjoining Aldgate Churchyard, London. It is also remarkable, that the

great fire of London, of 1666, which began at Pudding Lane, and ended at Pye Corner, was chargeable upon the sin of gluttony !

A Baltimore church is said to have had for its pastors, in succession, Rev. Messrs. Furniss, Bellows, Sparks, Blazup, and Burnup !

On a certain occasion, when at a party, Professor Longfellow was introduced to a gentleman of the name of Longworth, when he quoted, against himself, Pope's couplet : —

“ *Worth* makes the man, and want of it the *fellow* :
The rest is all but leather or prunello.”

N. P. Willis, some years ago, referred to the singular combination of names in a marriage announcement, which was that of John Cobb with Kate Webb ; making in their union, it is fair to infer from their names, a nest of little cobwebs.

It is related of two clergymen, one named Fuller, the other Sparrow, — both fond of a joke, — that the former, on one occasion, asked the other what was the difference between an owl and a sparrow. Sparrow promptly replied, “The owl is *fuller* in the eyes, *fuller* in the mouth, and *fuller* in the body : in short, he is Fuller all over !”

Mathews, the comedian, was served by a grocer named Berry. On one occasion he sent in his bill before it was due, when Mathews is reported to have exclaimed, “You have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry ; your father, the *elder*, Berry, would

not have been such a *goose*, Berry ; but you need not look so *black*, Berry, for I don't care a *straw*, Berry, and sha'n't pay your bill till *Christmas*, Berry."

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says, "Lady Baker, whose name is not unknown in literature, has been just appointed manager of the National School of Cookery, in London. While her pupils are busily engaged around her, doubtless the mid-day drippings will remind her of the 'midnight oil' as she pauses to recall the verses of Eliza Cook, or the works of Mrs. Fry, or Mrs. Browning. Then, too, the very grate will suggest Hobbes ; the saucepan, Handel ; the salamander, Burns ; the scollops, Shelley ; the frying-pan, the inductive philosophy of Bacon ; and the stew-pan, the experiments of Boyle. Then, again, what more natural than to refer to Sir Cloudesley Shovel, or to discuss the policy of Mr. Pease, or the delightful humor of Charles Lamb?"

The London Directory, some years back, is said to have revealed the following curious association of names : Giblet and Bull, butchers ; Cutmore, a cook ; Coldman, an undertaker ; Boilette, a fish-monger ; Truefit, a wig-maker ; Bringlow, apothecary ; Whippy, a saddler ; and Dunn, a tailor.

In the Langbourn Chambers, Fenchurch Street, London, some years ago, might have been seen the following lively and encouraging assortment of names : Sick, Paine, Death, and Graves.

In New York, within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant," there was a legal firm of note, whose joint

names made a very significant appeal to their friends. It read, "I. Ketcham and U. Cheatham."

We have been told of a yet more singular firm, under the style and title of Grinn & Barrett! What was the line of their traffic, we have not been able to ascertain; but there can be little doubt, that whatever it might have been, and the amount of tribulation it entailed, they still agreed to hold together, *grin and bear it*.

Take yet one more illustration of punning upon patronymics, perpetrated upon a reigning beauty, that rejoiced in the name of Rain:—

"Whilst shivering beaux at weather rail,
Of frost and snow, and wind and hail,
And heat and cold, complain,
My steadier mind is always bent
On one sole object of content—
I ever sigh for Rain!

Hymen, thy votary's cry attend—
His anxious prayer and suit befriend;
Let him not ask in vain:
His thirsty soul, his parched estate,
His glowing breast, commiserate—
In pity give him Rain!"

When Dr. Goodenough, years ago, preached before the House of Lords, a wag wrote, —

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the lords should preach,
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

When the doctor was made bishop, a certain dignitary, whom the public had expected would get the appointment, being asked by a friend why he was not made the new bishop, replied, "Because I was not Good-enough."

In Brooklyn, there was a certain boarding-establishment, where several New-York strange birds—or rather bipeds—used to feed and flutter, rejoicing in the high-flown names of Kyte, Crow, Starling, Pigeon, Hawk, Woodcock, and Partridge, accompanied with others of less ambitious wing,—a Duck, Drake, and Peacock.

A curious instance of ludicrous association of names is told of a certain Dublin orator, who, in pronouncing his eulogy upon a learned celebrity, closed by saying, "In fact, gentlemen, he was a great man, a very great man, gentlemen : he was the father of chemistry, and brother of the Earl of Cork !"

There is a story told of a bet of a sovereign having been made between two persons, as to who had the hardest name. The one that challenged the wager gave his name as Stone ; and he thought, of course, he had won the prize. "Hand me the money," said the other, "for my name is Harder."

There is another old joke connected with names. A gallant old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her, with the following words :—

"If from your glove you take the letter g,
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady is said to have returned the following quietus : —

“If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me.”

Sometimes names, like epitaphs, do not speak the truth about the persons referred to. For example, —

“Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea ;
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey ;
Mr. Gotobed sits up until half after three ;
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.”

A ludicrous instance of punning upon a name, once took place in a judicial court of New York, which is thus told : Counsel had been questioning a certain witness named Gunn, and, in closing, he said to him, “Mr. Gunn, you can now go off.” The judge on the bench, seeing the pun, gravely added, “Sir, you are discharged.” Of course, an explosion in court immediately ensued.

It is worth while to refer to a few names, of themselves unattractive enough originally, but which have become immortalized by their association with eminent characters. For example, Hogg, Bacon, Lamb, Shakespeare, Dickens, and Bunyan. And stranger yet, these very names, unpoetic as they undoubtedly are, were dearer to their owners, as well as to Fame, than all others in the world.

A gentleman on one occasion visiting the late Dr. Barton, told him that his friend Mr. Vowell was dead.

"Indeed!" said he: "let us be thankful that it is neither U nor I."

Although not new, yet the following lines on emigration, according to the significancy of names, are worthy of quotation:—

"The brewers should to Malt-a go, the loggerheads to Scilly,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles, the furriers all to Chili:
The little squalling, brawling brats, that break our nightly
rest,

Should be packed off to Baby-lon, to Lap-land, or to Brest.
Spinsters should to the Needles go, wine-bibbers to Burgundy.
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles, and wags in the
Bay of Fundy.

Lovers should hasten to Good Hope—to some Cape Horn
is pain.

Debtors should go to O-hi-o, and sailors go to Maine.

Let gardeners go to Botany Bay, and shoe-blacks to Japan.

Thus emigrants and misplaced men will then no longer vex
us;

And others, not provided for, had better go to Texas."

We might yet place in juxtaposition a multitude of names, that would seem to be in conflict as to their import. For instance, we are all, doubtless, familiar with a Swift and a Slocum, a Farr and a Nearing, a Golightly and a Heavyside. New York once had its Rev. Dr. Going, and London yet boasts its Rev. Dr. Cumming. And then, again, are there not, for our spiritual and moral weal, numerous Churches, Chapels, Bishops, Abbots, Angels, Rectors, Parsons; also Bachelors and Benedicts, Greenwoods, Bloomfields, and Groves?

But perchance we may have been rambling long enough among names, and trifling too long with other people's reputation for the safety of our own ; so we deem it prudent to venture no more jokes upon the subject.

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITING.

THE art of letter-writing, as we are accustomed to accept the phrase, was unknown to the ancients, their mode of correspondence being different from ours. When they indited their epistles, they were not in such haste as we usually are. They took their leisure to invest their thoughts in court-dress, and delivered themselves in solemn and stately sentences. A scribe in the far-off times, prior to the age of pen, ink, and paper, was not a little careful of his epistolary performance, nor a little vain of it. His caligraphy was also an elaborate performance, abounding with fantastic flourishes and Corinthian capitals. There was something artistic about it—something to flatter the eye as well as to appeal to the sentiment. While, of course, we find specimens of the highest style of letter-writing among the classic authors, yet, in our modern times, few, perhaps, could be found to equal the graceful ease and simple beauty of expression of the letters of Cowper and some of his contemporaries. Letter-writing is generally more good-humored than witty, and more genial than clever. Friendship produces it, affection gossips in it, and civility—that exercise of benevolence in small things—bestows upon it a delicate preservative aroma of good breeding.

Letters are the connecting-links that bind us together in the social compact. They have been styled "speaking-trumpets," through which we speak to those at a distance with whom we wish to communicate. Letters are the proxies of a person, — his representatives ; and, in a certain sense, they impart to him the attribute of ubiquity. In some instances they serve as telescopes, bringing distant and invisible objects near, and within our ken. Besides supplying to us the lack of sight and sound, they possess sometimes a talismanic power for unlocking the treasured memories of the past. These silent yet oft eloquent missives sometimes speak to the heart with persuasive power, even after the cunning hand of friendship that penned the gentle words has long since ceased to move. There is a sacredness connected with these cherished mementos, these family jewels of the heart, these heirlooms of affection and friendship. Time, which works such strange mutations with the writers of these treasured tributes of love and regard, leaves these all untouched.

Letter-writing, as to its manifold uses, has been thus summarized by an anonymous pen : —

"A tongue that speaks for those who absent dwell,
In silent language uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny ;
A link to bind, where circumstances part ;
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash, — the lightning of the brain, —
And thrill at once, through its remotest link,
The throb of passion, by — a drop of ink."

The invention of letter-writing has been ascribed to Atossa,—the daughter of Cyrus, and mother of Xerxes. If this, however, be deemed apocryphal, there are several allusions to the writing and sending of letters in the Sacred Scriptures, referring to an epoch about a thousand years prior to the Christian era. It is long since the Samaritans wrote a letter against the builders of Jerusalem to Artaxerxes, and it is believed that the said epistle is the earliest mentioned in any history.

History itself is largely indebted to this department of literature for its records,—personal, relative, and collateral. In turning over the early pages of our literary history, the eye rests upon two names which we are accustomed to associate with Sir Philip Sidney,—Lord Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. They both perished in the flower of their age, but not before they had contributed to the decoration of our poetry and the modulation of our language. Their letters are characterized by a degree of purity and Christian fidelity worthy of times far better than their own. There are collections extant of letters which throw light on the state of manners in France, Italy, and England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We have Anselm's three books of letters, which give us Normandy and England perfectly in the time of William the Conqueror and William Rufus; John of Salisbury, who continues the history at a later period; the reign of Henry II., which is most fully and perfectly illustrated by the most entertaining of all these letter-writers,—Peter of Blois.

There is one department of epistolary literature which we may mention, although it requires great delicacy of treatment : we refer to love-letters. These dainty missives, of such coveted value to the parties immediately concerned, are not always notable for their poetic beauty or rhetorical skill. Yet they possess talismanic power to awaken a train of tender emotions, and kindle afresh the most pleasurable of passions. Letters of this class are, with rare exceptions, indicators of character ; for, as it has been said, "The haunted depths of the heart are therein revealed to the one we love ; and, if we sought to deceive her, love, like Ithuriel's spear, would reveal the falsehood." In Eastern lands, they not only talk in flowers, but make these fragrant yet frail little beauties the messengers of their loves and woes ; but, among the less romantic nations of the West, the more practical and positive in love-making confide to the pen these cherished utterances of the heart.

Who has not known exquisite pleasure caused by a loving missive from some absent one, who may have been long "lost to sight, to memory dear" ? "To each, to all, they come, letters from home with their precious sum of tireless love and sympathy ; and remembrance dear, — like the plaintive strain of some beloved old melody, — soothing the bitter, speechless pain of a lifelong parting to restful calm, by the blessed strength of their healing balm."

Old letters — even old love-letters — sometimes survive their interest, and become, not only obsolete, but

positively insipid. At least, Mr. Saxe says so in effect, in very sprightly syllables : —

“And can it be? Ah, yes! I see, ’tis thirty years and better
 Since Mary Morgan sent to me this musty, musky letter!
 A pretty hand (she couldn’t spell), as any man must vote it;
 And ’twas, as I remember well, a pretty hand that wrote it.

.

“And *this* alone remains — ah, well! These words of warm
 affection,
 The faded ink, the pungent smell, are food for deep reflection:
 They tell of how the heart contrives to change with fancy’s
 fashion,
 And how a drop of musk survives the strongest human pas-
 sion!”

Epistolary correspondence, like conversation, is, according to the animus in which it is conducted, among the most agreeable or disagreeable things in the world. It may be made the channel of communication for the interflow and commingling of loves and sympathies — those deeper currents of our spirit-life, which are all unknown to the world. An impromptu visit from a friend is often not more welcome than an unexpected letter of friendship from a distance. Our present advanced civilization is largely indebted to epistolary intercommunication for its influence upon every department of social and civil life. What agonizing suspense has it not relieved, and what a flood of joy and light has it not been the means of diffusing!

It has been well observed, there are some thoughts and feelings we can speak, but cannot write: “they

need the soul-lighted eye, the crimson tide upon the cheek, the trembling or bold movement upon the lips, the rich, burning, uplifting intonation and emphasis of the voice, or the personal presence of unutterable language." Yet at certain times, and in certain ways, there is an enchantment, an ideal presence and beauty, and silent, profound grief, which we cannot speak, but may write. Rapture and sorrow dare whisper to the calm message-sheet what they dare not whisper to the ear. The only fault with pleasant letters sometimes is their brevity. When "Sam Veller" was rehearsing his "valentine" to his critical sire, the latter remonstrated against its abrupt conclusion, or, as he technically expressed it, its "rayther sudden pull-up." "That's the werry art o' letter-writin'," replied Sam: "it makes you vish there vas more." Sam was right: we should rise from the perusal of a letter as from a feast, with appetite for more; and, if the *materiel* be savory, it will be so at least in the instance of the letter.

Epistolary correspondence, which not seldom comprises more of the life-history, and reveals more of the heart-struggles, of humanity, than any other branch of literature, is all the more to be prized on this account. What touching glimpses we sometimes get of the spiritual life of a friend from his confidential letter! How much, in this respect, are we indebted to the beautiful letters of Cowper! he thus admits us into the very *penetralia* of his home, and makes us familiar with the most minute details of his personal career. The same

remark might be applied to the letters of Burns, Gray, Walpole, Swift, Southey, Goldsmith, Seward, Montague, D'Arblay, Chesterfield, Byron, and many other eminent persons, who have thus sketched for us their home-life and character by their own pens.

With the pen of Cicero, letter-writing may be said to have taken rank in polite literature as a distinct department. Pliny, unlike Tully, wrote his letters for the public ; so did Seneca, like Pope and others in later times ; and Tully's interest us all the more as they were not intended for our perusal, and convey many glimpses of personal character we should not have otherwise obtained.

Looking at random into a collection of classic letters, the following caught the eye ; and it is here introduced as an illustrative specimen of the mode of letter-writing among the learned of the time of that Attic sophist, Philostratus (A.D. 244). It is also a noble tribute to the value of epistolary correspondence. It is addressed to Diodorus by Procopius, and, translated into our tongue, reads "in this wise : " "When I read your letters, our former happiness together was revived in my memory. That Nile, and the pleasing vision I once had of your person on its borders, recurred to my thoughts. I could not help shedding tears when I mused on the fickleness of fortune, — sometimes elevating and sometimes depressing us ; sometimes bringing friends together in a way none could have expected, and again separating those whom it had brought together, beyond expectation. How wise is the remedy

which has been found for all this, in the intercourse by letters, which re-animates the affections, and, in a manner, brings one's friend into one's presence in the characters formed by his hand !” Take another Greek example of the same period, addressed to one Musæus : “The most learned Palladius has brought your letter to me—all gold. And truly, had he brought to me the wealth of Cræsus, I should not have looked upon him with greater complacency. Some place their glory in one thing, and some in another,—the Lydian in gold ; Arion in the chords and pulsations of his lyre ; my boast and glory is in these letters.” We might easily select better specimens of classic epistolary literature from Pliny, Cicero, and a host of eminent characters ; but these brief extracts pay tribute to the worth of letter-writing.

Dr. Johnson remarks, “No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known, that he who endeavors to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is, how gayety or civility may be properly expressed ; as, among the critics in history, it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned. As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic ; and we may safely determine that a letter has no peculiarity but its form,

and that nothing is to be refused admission which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required, are ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlabored diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments."

Homer, in his account of all the news received and sent between the Greeks and Trojans, never refers to a single letter. That ancient language of picture and symbol, in which Egypt expressed her wisdom, was undoubtedly the earliest mode of writing; but it is difficult to imagine that system of hieroglyphs adapted to letters of sentiment and love. In Eastern lands, we are told, they talk in flowers; and Byron refers to "those token-flowers that tell what words can never speak so well." But what may suit the glowing and poetic Orient may not be so well adapted to other climes.

A British officer, whose regiment was once quartered in Andalusia, chanced to become bewitched with a fair damsel, the daughter of a certain *alcaide*, who sent to him a rich bouquet, the significance of which was, "My mother is now in the way, but come to visit me in the twilight." The ardent lover, not being well up in floral lore, misconstrued the meaning of the gift, and, hastening to the house of his *inamorata*, unfortunately encountered the young lady in company with the maternal guardian; and all he got by his misadventure was a box on the ears by her fair hands, and the flattering announcement that she would never again send a bouquet to a stupid Englishman.

Much of the best literature of the world, therefore, historic, domestic, and social, is treasured up in letters. This department of literature has, at various periods, assumed different and almost opposite characteristics, — the French versatility, Spanish dignity, Italian vivacity, the German domesticity, and the manifold characteristics of our own vernacular. Chesterfield, unlike Pope, imparted to the epistolary art a phase as unlike that of a literary one as possible, the most characteristic of his letters being those addressed to his son. The next transition of style is from the artificial to the natural, the premeditated to the spontaneous. Gray's letters charm by their unrivalled grace and elaborate elegance of style, as well as their varied power. Cowper preferred Swift's letters to any in our language ; Pope and Chesterfield those of Bolingbroke.

Said Steele, "There is no rule in the world to be made for writing letters, but that of being as near what you speak face to face as you can ; which is so great a truth, that I am of opinion, writing has lost more mistresses than any one mistake in the whole legend of love." This is the reason why women, as a rule, are the most facile with the epistolary pen, and excel the opposite sex in delicate sentiment, pleasantry, and home-life gossip. It is not their province to indulge in florid rhetoric or "high-erected thoughts," but rather in the simple syllables and graceful poetry of domestic life. If character may be supposed traceable in one's autograph, are not its indications more legible in our letters? Are not our letters a species

of autobiography, however unconscious we may be of thus inditing our own history? If not, why are the memoirs of notable personages so generally supplemented by their epistolary correspondence?

Thackeray remarks, in one of his books, that "there is, perhaps, no greater test of a man's regularity and easiness of conscience than his readiness to face the postman. Blessed is he," he continues, "who is made happy by the sound of a rat-tat. The good are eager for it, but the naughty tremble at the sound thereof." By the way, the patient postman must have his temper sorely tried on the annual return of St. Valentine's Day, when Cupid is supposed to busy himself in the traffic of human hearts and destinies. Rousseau suggests, that to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written—which, we suppose, will be considered rather a negative, random mode of inditing a love-missive. No one, however, need ever be at a loss for Valentine literature, serious or comic: it abounds *ad nauseam*.

It has often been asked why we hoard up with such miserly care our old letters of friendship and love, since we generally do not often reperuse them. Yet we could not destroy them without a struggle. Some, alas! are silent witnesses of broken friendships; others, of loving fidelity. What magic power they possess in recalling loves long lost, or sorrows long survived!

Howell, a noteworthy authority of the sixteenth century, with whom English letter-writing may be said to

have commenced, has the following quaint words : "The tongue and the pen are both interpreters of the mind, but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a most slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions ; but the pen, having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record." These missives, moreover, are great travellers. Like the locomotive, the steamship, and the electric spark, they annihilate space and time, or, like the telescope, bring distant objects and persons near.

"They are the winged postilions that fly
From the antarctic to the arctic sky ;
The heralds and swift harbingers that move
From east to west on embassies of love."

We little think what hundreds of millions of these silent messengers are incessantly flying, with the velocity of the wind, to all points of the compass, bearing upon their bosoms the burdens of love or sorrow, distress or comfort, to waiting, anxious hearts the wide world over. For this is not only a locomotive age, but a letter-writing one, beyond all precedent.

Estimates of epistolary literature have changed materially since the days of Bishop Sprat, the historiographer of the Royal Society of London, who is said to have suppressed Cowley's familiar letters — "the language of the heart" — for the very reason that ought to have preserved them. Under the like traditional mistake, Pope wrote the papers which he styled

letters, but which were as unlike real letters as his paraphrastic translation of Homer's epic is to the original.

Among the eccentricities of epistolary correspondence may be classed the following summing-up of a letter of friendship : "Give everybody's love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody."

In the briefest correspondence known, only two figures were used : the first contained a note of interrogation (?) — implying, Is there any news? The answer was a cipher (o) — None.

Foote, the comedian, on one occasion received from his mother a pathetic appeal for money. The missive ran in this wise : —

DEAR SAM, — I am in prison. Come and assist your loving mother. E. F.

To which the luckless wight responded, —

DEAR MOTHER, — So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son. S. F.

A friend once sent to Sydney Smith a note requesting him to sit for his portrait to Landseer, the great dog-painter. Sydney wrote back as follows : "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

Selwyn once affirmed, in company, that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said a lady present. The promised letter soon came; and after her signature stood, "P.S. — Who is right now, you or I?"

The following note from one Highlander to another is very pointed and witty : —

MY DEAR GLENGARY, — As soon as you can prove yourself to be my chief, I shall be ready to acknowledge you. In the mean time, I am *yours*,
MACDONALD.

Charles Lamb, being tickled by the oddity of Haydon's address, sent him the following reply to an invitation : —

MY DEAR HAYDON, — I will come, with pleasure, to 22 Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's, half-way up, right-hand side, if I can find it. Yours, C. LAMB.

20 Russel Court,
Covent Garden, East,
Half-way up, next the corner,
Left-hand side.

Upon the memorable dark day, the 19th of March, 1790, a lady wrote to the celebrated and eccentric Dr. Byles, in Boston, as follows : —

“DEAR DOCTOR, — How do you account for this darkness?”

To which the dominie responded, —

“DEAR MADAM, — I am as much in the dark as you are !”

A very curious phonographic epistle, written by an unsophisticated individual to his physician, in Lancashire, appeared, some years since, in the London “Times.” It reads as follows : —

Cer yole oblige me uf yole kum and ce me i hev a bad kowld an am hill in mi bow hills an hev lorst mi happetite.

ROGER TROOMAN.

In our great-grandfathers' days, not only did they indulge in great verbosity of style, but they also commenced their letters with stately formality and parade, with such grandiloquent phrases as "Right trusty," "Most noble," "My singular good friend," "Worthy friend," "Respected sir," etc. The ending was equally inflated and pompous, although affecting humility; such as, "Your most obedient humble servant," "Yours to command," etc. Lovers indulged in a variety of dainty and winsome phrases; such as, "Dear Heart," "Sweetheart," — for, in those days, this, one of the prettiest of English words, held its own, — and will ever be "thy loving wife [or husband] till death." The term "affinity" was not in vogue in those good old times.

As long as letters have been written, the inadvertent misdirecting of them must have been a constant source of trouble and annoyance. In the reign of James I., a lover sent a letter intended for his mistress to an obdurate father, and his letter renouncing her to the lady. When he found out the dreadful mistake he had committed, life became insupportable to him, and he threw himself upon his sword. Swift sent a love-letter to a bishop, and the letter intended for the bishop to the lady.

Here follows a comic effusion from the pensive poet and melancholy man, Cowper, addressed to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Newton: —

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, — I am going to send, what, when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose,

there's nobody knows, whether what I have got be verse or not: by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did you ever see, of late, or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ charity, not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer should say, "To be sure, the gentleman's Muse wears Methodist shoes; you may know by her pace and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoydening play of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a titting air, 'tis only her plan to catch, if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new construction; she has baited her trap, in hopes to snap all that may come, with a sugar plum." His opinion in this will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend my principal end; and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run many a time, after rhyme, as far as from hence to the end of my sense, and, by hook or by crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year. I have heard of a room, with a floor laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in you were forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penned; which that you may do, ere Madam and you are quite worn out without jigging about. I take my leave; and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me,

W. C.

A choice specimen of a Quaker epistle, from the "Harleian Miscellany," is as follows:—

FRIEND JOHN, — I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called an attorney, and let him take out an instrument, with a seal affixed thereunto; by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Greene, and bring him before the lamb-skin men of Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by; and so I rest thy friend in the light.

M. G.

Among the humors of epistolary correspondence, the following letter, said to have been indited by an Irish baronet to a friend in London, during the Rebellion, should not be forgotten : —

“MY DEAR SIR, — Having now a little *peace* and *quietness*, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful *bustle* and *confusion* we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, however, thank God! killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey, and when we sit down to dinner are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded, from the beginning, that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present, there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning: indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents; and, by good luck, there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers, who had nothing to take. Last Thursday an alarm was given, that a gang of rebels were advancing hither, under the French standard; but they had no colors, nor any drums, except bag-pipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to

think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went; and, by the time half our little party was killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately, they had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and, as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog; and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colors, but mostly green. After the action, we went to rummage their camp: all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irishmen's names. Troops are stationed everywhere round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. Nothing, however, can save us, but a union with England, which would turn our barren hills into fertile valleys. I have only leisure to add that I am in great haste.

"P.S.—If you do not receive this, in course it must have miscarried: therefore, I beg you will immediately write to let me know."

An expedient so ingenious for the interchange of facts, thoughts, and sentiments as that of epistolary correspondence, like many other long-familiarized inventions, is in itself a marvel to the uninitiated.

A curious illustration of the effect of letter-writing upon the uncivilized South-Sea Islanders is given in Mr. Williams's "Missionary Journal," published many years ago. It may be briefly stated thus: Wishing to send a message to his wife, on one occasion Mr. Williams seized a chip of wood, and, with a bit of charcoal, wrote the message: he sent it by a native chief, with instructions to wait an answer. The chief was so puzzled at this order, that he replied, "No take that: she will call me a fool!" Williams told him to take

the chip ; that he had nothing to say, as the chip would explain all. With surprise, bordering on contempt, he cried out, "How can this speak?" He was ordered to leave his objections behind him, and carry the inscribed chip to Mrs. Williams. She read it, and then threw it away. Going to a cupboard for the implement wanted, she gave the chief the square. "Is this what Mr. Williams sent me for?" he inquired. "Yes," she said : "it is what the chip, you just brought, calls for." — "Why, I did not hear it speak at all," he replied ; and thereupon he caught up the magic chip, and ran through the settlement, with the square in one hand, and the mysterious piece of wood in the other, screaming out, "See, these missionary men can make even chips to talk !" Our lifelong familiarity with the mystic power of letters has long since disenchanted us of the marvel.

Some years since, a Brazilian slave was sent by his master with a basket of figs and an accompanying letter to his friend. The bearer was, of course, illiterate ; for those who enslave the bodies of their fellow-creatures are not anxious to emancipate their minds, or illuminate the darkness of superstition and ignorance. The slave had a natural taste for figs, and accordingly ate a number of them while on his journey. When he reached his destination, and delivered the figs that remained, his theft was detected ; for the letter told exactly what the basket should contain. The culprit was greatly puzzled to conceive by what spell the mystic letter was thus enabled to tell tales

about him. On another occasion, as the story goes, he was sent with a letter accompanying some choice fruit. He had not forgotten the letter that had betrayed him : so this time, as he went with the fruit, and his mouth watered for a share of it, he determined that the letter should not tattle ; so he put it underneath a large stone, and then sat upon the stone. There he was safe against the spy ; and, having taken his refreshment, he released the letter, and completed his duty. To his dismay, again the talisman testified against him, and consequently brought down the whip upon his back.

As an essential adjunct of modern civilization, letter-writing can scarcely be overestimated. Steam-power has done much to annihilate distance, and to economize time ; and the electric chain which has girded the globe, has, with the telephone, well-nigh made the distant and the unseen in such juxtaposition with us, that we may almost converse with our antipodes. But, notwithstanding all our modern improvements and inventions, letter-writing never reigned over the world so universally as at the present day. The post-office returns of Great Britain (1882-83) show the delivery of letters to amount to 1,280,636,200 annually ! In the United States, where there are 50,753 post-offices, the number of letters annually transmitted through these offices nearly equals that of Great Britain. The post, postman, or courier, is not so modern as the post-office. The latter we first hear about in the age of Elizabeth ; while the former is referred to, even by Job, who com-

compares the transitoriness of life to the swiftness of the post. And in the Book of Esther we read that letters were sent by the posts into all the king's provinces. Cyrus, also, had some such an institution for the transmission of correspondence. Not only has our epistolary correspondence increased, but, like many other customs, it has changed its form from the verbose and the prolix to the terse and sententious. Even our social and sentimental correspondence, as well as our commercial, has become brief and epigrammatic. We find, then, that letter-writing is scarcely less important to our social weal than locomotion itself. It is true, however, that although an individual possibly might make the journey of life legless, — like some of our noble fellows who suffered such mutilation for their country's cause, — yet there can be no doubt that legs are a *sine qua non* to the *race*. "The tuneful birds may sing their loves in the opening spring, but man alone has skill and power to send the heart's warm dictates to the distant friend." So long as loving human hearts are destined to be divided by distance, so long will these gentle missives of affection be prized as among our cherished household treasures.

So much has already been written about letter-writing, that it seems superfluous to add any thing further on the subject. And yet it may not be unacceptable, in this our desultory paper, to present some things that may possibly be familiar to the reader. Most persons of taste have their own ideal standard of what a letter of sentiment and friendship should be ; and, as

tastes differ with the objects of taste, it is futile to attempt any uniform conditions on the subject. As the letter is the proxy for conversation, it should resemble it as closely as possible. As the temper and tone of social converse are governed by circumstances, so should be our letters : they should be natural heart-utterances, rather than artificial and stilted in style ; and yet they may be decked with the graces of poetry, and winged with the gayeties and flowers of fancy. Mr. Roberts, who has written well on the subject has some remarks which we here quote : “ In a real good letter, there should be something vital, something in accordance with a healthy pulse of sentiment, something belonging to the interior man as he stands affected by passing events, or his own experience or recollections. But letter-writing has its laws ; and it is one of its laws, that nothing dried or laid up for use should find admission : its fruit should have upon it the bloom of our youngest thoughts, and a maiden dew should be upon its leaf. In the best letters, we find a certain *naïve* and arch use of language, in which images are made to play before the fancy of the reader without the formality of decided similitudes or figures, giving a secret but a lively flow to the current of composition. To know the mystery of these happy combinations is the talent and tact of the initiated alone. These, however, are the secrets of familiar writing, and especially of letters, as they form a part of polite literature. They defy imitation, and refuse to be transplanted. They are delicacies which will not bear

handling ; felicities which seem to come of themselves, while they mark the perfection of skill." This may be considered rather high-toned and aristocratic for the "Republic of Letters ;" but it is good, at least as a standard.

The following letter to a bride was written by an old friend to a young lady on the eve of her wedding-day : —

I have sent you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted it, and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cherish have forgotten us. It seems that a past, so calm and pure as yours, should expire with a kindred sweetness about it ; that flowers and music, kind friends and earnest words, should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament. The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal, and the burial. To the first we bring only weakness, for the last we have nothing but dust. But here at the altar, when life joins life, the pair come throbbing with the deep promise that protects and strengthens each other's heart, to help on in the life-struggle of care and duty. The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene. The gay and thoughtless, with their flounces and frivolities, will look solemn for once. Youth will come to gaze upon the object of its secret yearnings ; and age will totter up to hear the words repeated, that to their own lives had given the charm. Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb, and some will laugh over it as if it were a joke : but two must stand by it ; for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of their lives. And now, can you, who have quenced it over so many bending forms, can you come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart ? Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one particular

bosom, warming only his breast, marking only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart, where time and feeling shall be in unison, until those lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock, where all hearts are united. Hoping that calm and sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into

A Signature.

Charles Lamb's whimsical description of a bad cold will serve as a specimen of the facile humor of his pen. The letter was addressed to his Quaker friend and poet, Bernard Barton : —

“DEAR B. B., — Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare; an indisposition to do any thing, or to be any thing; a total deadness and distaste; a suspension of vitality; an indifference to locality; a numb, soporifical good-for-nothingness; an ossification all over; an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events; a mind-stupor; a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot and my excuse. My fingers drag heavily over this paper; and, to my thinking, it is three and twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say: nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ——'s wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher. I acknowledge life at all only by an occasional convulsional cough and a permanent phlegmatic pain in my chest. I am weary of the world; life is weary of me; my day has gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. . . . I have not volition enough to dot my i's: my brains are gone out to see a poor relation. . . . My hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their heads are off. Did you ever have an obstinate cold, a six-weeks' uninter-

mitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and every thing? Yet do I try all I can to cure it: I try wine and spirits, and smoking and snuff, in unsparing quantities; but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good: I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment."

As an example of the seventeenth century pedantic and courtly style, we offer the following quaint letter of Sir Henry Wotton to his friend Izaak Walton, the author of "*The Complete Angler*:" —

MY WORTHY FRIEND, — Since I last saw you, I have been confined to my chamber by a quotidian fever, I thank God of more contumacy than malignity. It had once left me, as I thought: but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a score of those splenetic vapors that are called hypochondriacal, of which most say the cure is good company; and I desire no better physician than yourself. I have, in one of those fits, endeavored to make it more easy by composing a short hymn; and, since I have apparelled my best thoughts so lightly as in verse, I hope I shall be pardoned a second vanity, if I communicated it with such a friend as yourself; to whom I wish a cheerful spirit and a thankful heart to value it, as one of the greatest blessings of our good God; in whose dear love I leave you, remaining your poor friend to serve you,

H. WOTTON.

Who has not laughed at the story of the letter-writer, who, conscious of the fact, concluded his epistle thus: "I would write more; but an impudent fellow is looking over my shoulder, and is reading all I write." Upon which the self-convicted culprit exclaimed, "It's false!" and quickly vanished out of sight. Jokes crowd upon us. Here is another: An Irishman, calling at

the general post-office in London, asked if there was any letter addressed to him. When they inquired his name, he replied, "Och! shure, and you'll find it on the back of the letther." A written *non sequitur*, not less amusing, although of a different kind, was involved in the postscript of a certain apologetic scribe, who hoped his correspondent would excuse all errors of spelling, his pen being defective.

The author of "Ingoldsby Legends" has some amusing lines on answering letters. Here are a few of them:—

"Another mizzling, drizzling day! Of clearing up, there's no appearance;

So I'll sit down without delay, and here, at least, I'll make a clearance.

First, here's a card from Mrs. Grimes—'a ball;' she knows that I'm no dancer:

That woman's asked me fifty times, and yet I never send an answer.

'Dear Jack, just lend me twenty pounds till Monday next, when I'll return it.

Yours truly, Henry Gibbs.' Why, zounds! I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it.

What have we next? A civil dun: 'John Brown would take it as a favor.'

Another and a surlier one: 'I can't put up with *sick* behavior;'

'Bill so long standing;,' 'quite tired out;,' 'must sit down to insist on payment;'

'Called ten times;,'—here's a fuss about a few coats, waist-coats, and small raiment!

For once, I'll send an answer, and inform Mr. Snip he needn't 'call' so,

But when his bill's as 'tired of standing' as he is, beg 'twill
'sit down' also.
This from my rich old uncle Ned, thanking me for my annual
present,
And saying he, last Tuesday, wed his cook-maid, Nolly!—
vastly pleasant!
Four begging letters with petitions,—one from my sister Jane,
to 'pray
I'll execute a few commissions, in Bond Street, when I go that
way.'
From Lady Snooks: 'Dear Sir, you know you promised me,
last week, a rebus—
A something smart, and apropos for my new album.' Aid me,
Phœbus!"

Much mischief may result from the inconsiderate *utterance* of a word, but an angry epistle is still more to be deprecated; because in the former instance it may be readily recalled, while in the latter it is in permanent black and white, and may embitter a lifetime. We have read of an instance illustrative, related by Friswell, the essayist. "We once saw an old gentleman," he says, "with a wise, fine head, calm face, and most benevolent look, but evidently thin-skinned and irascible, beg of a postmaster to return him a letter which he had dropped into the box. To do so, as everybody knows, is illegal; but, won over by the gentleman's importunity, the postmaster complied, upon full proof, in comparing the writing, being given. Then, with a beaming face, on receiving the letter, he tore it into fragments, and, scattering them to the wind, exclaimed, 'Ah! I've preserved my friend.' The fact being, that he had, in a state of irritation,

written a letter which was probably unjust and hurtful, but which he had wisely recalled." "Written words remain," is not only a proverb, but a very grave caution; and hence the advice, never to write in your anger, or, at any rate, to keep your letter till you are cool.

THE OLD MASTERS.

“The marvels which their pencils wrought,—
Those miracles of power, whose fame
Is wide as human thought.”

RUSKIN has justly remarked, “It is a shallow criticism that would define poetry as confined to literary productions in rhyme and metre. The written poem is only poetry *talking*; and the statue, the picture, and the musical composition, are poetry active. Milton and Goethe at their desks were not more truly poets than Phidias with his chisel, Raphael at his easel, or deaf Beethoven bending over his piano inventing and producing strains which he himself could never hope to hear.

“The love of the ideal, the clinging to, and striving after, first principles of beauty, is ever the characteristic of the poet; and whether he speak his truth to the world through the medium of the pen, the perfect statue, or the lofty strain, he is still the sharer in the same high nature. Next to blind Milton describing paradise, that same Beethoven composing symphonies and oratorios is one of the finest things we know. Milton saw not, and Beethoven heard not; but the sense of beauty was upon them, and they fain must speak. The ideal dwelt in the sculptor’s mind, and

his hands fashioned a statue which yet teaches it to the world." These great artists were true devotees to their studies : they projected themselves into their work. The beautiful in art was to them the master passion of their mind. Has not Emerson given us the key to the mystery of their world-renowned triumphs, in those fine, familiar lines : —

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew" ?

If the productions of the modern schools boast the combined attractions of glowing forms, brilliant hues, and variegated tints, those of the olden time — at least, to the eye of the connoisseur — are prized, in spite of their sombre shadows, as the classic models and the art-triumphs of all time. In addition to this, as we are accustomed to hold in high esteem old wines, old books, old friends, and antique sculptures, why should we not apply the rule to old paintings? Do we not, moreover, owe to the "Old Masters" our education in art? If the pen of Homer glorified Greece, and that of Milton pictured paradise, and taught the great lesson of liberty, while Shakspeare's revealed to us the workings of the human heart, the pencils of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, in their interpretation of nature, have made us *feel* the force of her inspiration. Hazlitt justly remarks, that no one but the artist,

who has studied nature, and contended with the difficulties of his art, can be apprised of the beauties of, or intoxicated with a passion for, painting. Knowledge is pleasure as well as power. The artist, indeed, may sing with the Athenian maid, —

“Whate’er is fair or soft or bright,
In the lap of day or the arms of night,
While the stream shall flow,
And the sky shall glow —
The beautiful still is ours !”

Art, being the symbolical expression of the beautiful, is also the index of social and civil progress, the degree of refinement of any nation being always in the ratio of its æsthetic culture : hence its paramount importance. It is through art that great thoughts and ideas speak out in one universal language. The same genius that so dexterously guides the chisel, the pencil, and the pen, also makes its appeal to us in the eloquent harmonies of sound. If music has its magnetism, — holding the entranced ear by the witchery of its melody, — painting, like sculpture, has its fascinations for the ever eager eye. It has been well said, that a great painter is one who excels in the precision and force of the language of lines, as a great poet does in the precision and force of the language of words. Thus, pictures and poems, as well as sculpture and music, alike belong to the category of the fine arts. The painter’s hand and the poet’s lip possess in common the magic power of portraying, not only the various phases of natural scenery and all living objects, but also the pas-

sions that sway the human soul. Painting seems to have had its birth in ancient Egypt, from whence the Greeks derived it, Aristides of Thebes having been one of the last of the artists of eminence connected with Grecian painting. Champollion tells us of bass-reliefs which the Egyptians executed with the most elegant delicacy of workmanship, seventeen hundred years before the Christian era.

The reader is possibly familiar with the story of the two rival artists, Zeuxis and Parrhasius. The former brought forth a tablet, on which clusters of grapes were represented so accurately that the birds came flocking to peck them. The other brought out his tablet, with nothing painted on it but a curtain ; but so like reality was it, that even Zeuxis cried out, "Come, take away your curtain, and let us see your famous picture beneath it." On discovering the deception, he yielded the palm of victory, saying, "Zeuxis beguiled poor birds, but Parrhasius has deceived Zeuxis."

The first picture carried to Rome from Greece, according to Pliny, was the famous "Bacchus and Ariadne," painted by Aristides. It was painted on a heavy panel, and was valued at its weight in gold. Its destination was the Temple of Ceres. In the Temple of Concord there was a precious picture by Zeuxis, that of Marsyas bound to a tree. In the Temple of Minerva, on the Capitol, was the "Theseus" of Parrhasius, with the "Rape of Proserpine," and others.

Of Apelles, the most celebrated of Grecian painters,

and the friend of Alexander the Great, who used to visit him in his studio, and would not allow any other artist to paint his portrait, many anecdotes are on record. Throughout his whole life he was a devotee to his art; and it is to him the proverb, "*Nulla dies sine lineâ*," is supposed to be traceable. When visiting Rhodes, and finding that the works of Protogenes were scarcely valued at all by his countrymen, he offered him fifty talents for a single picture, and spread the report that he meant to sell the picture again as his own. When personally unknown to him, he called at his studio, and, finding that he was absent, left a sketch of a head in the hands of a domestic. Upon the return of Protogenes, the sketch was shown to him, when he exclaimed, "It must be Apelles himself, for no other mortal could have made the design!" The story of his falling in love with Alexander's concubine, Campaspe, whose portrait he had been commissioned to paint, is well known. So is, doubtless, the exquisite lyric of Lily the dramatist, who so satisfactorily accounts for Cupid's blindness. The "Venus" of Apelles was purchased by Augustus for one hundred talents, a sum equal now to at least a hundred thousand dollars. This production was esteemed the most faultless creation of the Grecian pencil. But the great works of Apelles and Zeuxis no longer exist; yet, in the time of Pliny, there were Greek paintings in Rome six centuries old. Next to the privilege of regaling the eye with the masterly productions of these great artists, is that of perusing the record of their valuable

lives. Let us, then, con over a few of the incidents of their career, and thus not only get a glimpse of their characters, but also gather some inspiring lessons from the noble achievements of these illustrious sons of genius.

The thirteenth century ushered in the revival of art, and fair Florence was its birthplace. Foremost among the painters of the Florentine school was Giovanni, of the noble house of Cimabue. He was born A.D. 1240, and died in 1300. Florence, the beautiful land of artists — for poets, singers, painters, and sculptors have each shed their glories upon it, — when it became the capital of Tuscany, was distinguished above all other cities of Europe. Yet, of her great painters, scarcely one was a Florentine by birth, except Cimabue. He is usually regarded as the father of modern painters ; although to his pupil, Giotto, ought really to be traced the revival of art. Cimabue painted the most celebrated of all his works, the “Madonna,” for the Church of Santa Maria Novella. This “Madonna,” of a larger size than any that had previously been painted, had excited very general interest and curiosity during its progress ; but the artist refused to uncover it to public view, until the great festive occasion of the public entry into Florence of Charles of Anjou, brother of Louis IX., on his way to take possession of the kingdom of Naples, when it was uncovered. The populace thronged eagerly to obtain a view of the great picture, rending the air with exclamations of joy and astonishment. When finished, the painting was carried from

the atelier of the artist, with great pomp, to the church, amid shouts and music, accompanied by the magistrates of the city.

Of Giotto it is related, that at the early age of ten years, while tending his father's sheep, as he was accustomed to wander with his woolly charge over meadows and by water-courses, he would indulge his fancy in sketching the surrounding objects that attracted his notice, on flat stones, and with any rude instrument for a pencil. One day, when thus engaged, he was seen by Cimabue, who, struck with his early indications of genius, invited him to his studio. His young *protégé* surpassed all expectations of his artist-friend, and ultimately surpassed even Cimabue himself.

Giotto's works effected a great revolution in painting, while they achieved for their author an immortality of fame. He was also the friend of Dante, and caught inspiration from his muse. One of Giotto's earliest proofs of genius is thus given : One morning Cimabue came into his studio, and, looking up at a half-finished head, saw a fly resting on the nose. He tried to brush it off, when he discovered that it was only painted. "Who has done this?" cried he, half angry, half delighted. Giotto crept trembling from a corner, and confessed his fault. But he met with praise instead of reproof from his master, who loved art too well to be indignant at his pupil's frolic, even though directed against himself.

One of the most remarkable monuments of the Middle Ages was the Campo Santo of Pisa, which, like the

Cathedral of Assisi, became the arena in which the best artists displayed their productions. On the walls of this renowned cemetery were some of the paintings of Giotto, Orcagna, and other contemporary artists. Some of these paintings, which were executed in stucco, we believe are yet extant. Andrea Orcagna is supposed to have executed many, if not most, of these frescos, about the year 1335. A multitude of painters flourished from 1300 to 1400, but it is our province to refer only to some of the most renowned.

Among others, Lorenzetti painted, in the Campo Santo, the "Hermit in the Wilderness;" but, as the laws of perspective were then unknown, the various groups of characters were represented one above another, and all of the same size, like figures on an old china plate. Perhaps the great painter of this epoch was Taddeo Gaddi, also a pupil of Giotto, his pictures being considered the most important works of the fourteenth century. They are deemed of even greater merit than some of those of his renowned tutor.

As yet, painting was almost exclusively devoted to the decoration of altars, shrines, doors of the sacristies, oratories, and other ecclesiastical appointments; but a great change was at hand. As we have intimated, an important impulse was given to art by the celebrated painters of Florence. We hear, also, of great names connected with other schools, each possessing its distinctive characteristics, such as the Neapolitans, Bolognese, Venetian, Paduan, and Roman.

“In attitude, expression, airs divine,
The sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice, she the magic art
Of colors melting into colors, gave :
Theirs, too, it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a blending harmony to throw,
To raise the picture, and repose the sight, —
The Lombard school, succeeding, mingled both.”

The names that have shed most glory on these several academies of art are familiar to us, and need not be given here. Great as was the advance in art during the fourteenth century, a galaxy of stars blazed in the fifteenth, whose light has never yet been eclipsed.

Lorenzo Ghiberti was one whose name is associated with the magnificent gates of San Giovanni : —

“So marvellously wrought,
That they might serve to be the gates of Heaven.”

He was the contemporary and friend of Masaccio, whose real name was Tommaso Guidi ; but he was familiarly called Masaccio (or slovenly Tom), from his negligent dress and manners. Yet he was an artist, almost from his very infancy, one of his earliest essays being the effigy of an old woman on the wall of his chamber. This extraordinary promise of his youth was fully sustained by his subsequent career. In the words of the art critic, Mrs. Jameson, we may say, that, “in considering his works, their superiority over all that painting had achieved or attempted, is such, and so

surprising, that there seems a kind of break in the progression of the art, as if Masaccio had overleaped suddenly the limits which his predecessors had found impassable ; but Ghiberti and his *gates* explain the seeming wonder." He was the first who succeeded in foreshortening the extremities, an achievement that seemed to present insurmountable difficulties. He also excelled in anatomical drawing, and delicacy of coloring.

Another worthy successor of Masaccio was Benozzo Gozzoli (1406-1478). Although we know but little of his history, we do know that he was a devotee to art ; and his productions are a sufficient evidence of the fact. His frescos, on the walls of the Campo Santo, for exquisite grace of drawing, and richness of coloring, are said to have equalled almost the designs of Raphael.

When, at the close of the fifteenth century, Lorenzo de' Medici (called the Magnificent) became the master of the Florentine republic, a taste for the classic and antique obtained.

In the convent of the Carmelites, where Masaccio painted his famous frescos, was another monk who made himself a name. He was known by his title, Fra Filippo. He studied from morning till night at first, but, becoming impatient of the confinement of the convent, made his escape, and went to sea. He was taken prisoner by pirates, and sold as a slave into Barbary, where he was held in captivity eighteen months. With a piece of charcoal he drew his master's picture

on a wall, which so excited his admiration that he granted him his freedom. He then returned to Rome, where he gained such celebrity by his productions, that his friends, Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici, obtained for him from the Pope a dispensation from his vows. He was erratic in morals, but was possessed of extraordinary genius.

Contemporary with the last named lived Angelico da Fiesole, who painted only sacred subjects, and never for money. To him, painting a picture was a religious service, for which he prepared himself by fasting and prayer. The rewards of his artistic work were religiously devoted to the monastery. It is said that his heads of angels and saints have rarely, if ever, been excelled. There is one of his great pictures in the Louvre, of surpassing beauty.

When Sixtus IV. became Pope, he built that beautiful chapel in the Vatican called by his name, and since celebrated as the Sistine Chapel. One of the earliest artists who decorated its splendid interior was Luca Signorelli, the first who drew the human form with anatomical precision, and threw such spirit and expression into the various attitudes of his figures, that his great work, the frescos of the Cathedral of Orvieto, representing "The Last Judgment," was studied, and even imitated, by Michael Angelo.

An illustrious example of genius triumphing over difficulties is afforded in the history of Andrea Mantegna, who from being a poor, friendless boy, by perseverance ultimately achieved a great name as a fresco-

painter. In the year 1476 he executed the famous frieze representing in nine compartments the triumph of Julius Cæsar after his conquest of Gaul. They were hung around the palace of San Sebastiano, at Mantua, where they remained for a century and a half. When that city was sacked, in 1629, they, with other pictures, escaped pillage; and, subsequently, these, with other works of Andrea Mantegna, were sold to Charles I. of England. On the death of that unfortunate monarch, the collection was sold by Parliament, when the "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" was purchased for a thousand pounds; and, on the return of Charles II., it was restored to the royal gallery. The nine compartments of this great picture now hang on the walls of Hampton Court Palace, and in a dimmed and dilapidated condition, being now four centuries old.

This work of Mantegna, when in its original splendor, was pronounced one of the grandest works of art of the century. Rubens was so struck with its merits, that he made a reduced copy of portions of the series. Ariosto mentions this artist's name in his tribute-stanza to the great painters of his day:—

"Lo! Leonardo! Gian. Bellino view,
Two Dossi and Mantegna reached by few;
With these an angel, Michael, styled divine,
In whom the sculptor and the painter join:
Sebastian, Titian, Raphael, three that grace
Cadore, Venice, and Urbino's race:
Each genius that can past events recall
In living figures on the storied wall!"

Perugino may be called the founder of another school of art, — the Umbrian. It is said that some small portion of the fame of Raphael justly belongs to Perugino, who is entitled to take a higher rank among great artists than has usually been accorded to him. Among his numerous productions might be instanced as one of his best, that of the “*Virgin and Child*,” still in the Church of St. Augustino, at Cremona.

Among those who have bequeathed to art an impulse and an impress which it yet retains, should be mentioned the name of Fra Bartolommeo. “After Leonardo,” writes a distinguished art critic, “perhaps no one of that time did more than this extraordinary person to mature the current language of art ; to give fluency to the expressive forms of the canvas ; to enrich with new idioms and a colloquial facility the speech of the pencil ; to accomplish forever the transition from the archaic and individual types of earlier laborers, to that well-developed freedom, ease, and grace which since then have been the common heritage of the studio. Raphael improved into surpassing brilliance and power notions which he caught from others ; but Leonardo and Fra Bartolommeo increased the practical elements of art, extended the manner of representation, and enlarged the painter’s stock of conceptions.” This worthy is known by his many masterly Scripture pictures, but by none more than his grand “*Madonna della Misericordia*,” which hangs in a chapel at the east angle of the Church of San Romano, Florence,—a work worthy of being placed with the “*Assump-*

tion" of Titian, and the "San Sisto Madonna" of Raphael.

The colossal figure of "St. Mark," by Fra Bartolomeo, in the Pitti Palace, Florence, is one of the finest productions of the Italian schools of painting: it combines with the style of Raphael much of the grandeur of the "Prophets and Sibyls" by Michael Angelo.

Leonardo da Vinci, who was born in 1452, discovered, even in his childhood, indications of versatile genius; and he became in his maturity at once painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, chemist, mathematician, and astronomer, a combination rarely equalled in one individual. He derived his surname from the place of his birth,—Vinci, in the Val d'Arno. Such was the early development of his genius, that his first picture brought a hundred ducats, equal now in our currency to \$2,000. His musical talents were not less remarkable: he was, indeed, an *improvvisatore* also; for he would take his lyre, and sing the words of his own composing. His tutor in painting, Verocchio, desired him on one occasion to paint a portion of a picture on which he was engaged. This he did, and the result was that his part was much superior to the rest of the painting. "Is this, indeed, your own unassisted work?" inquired he of Leonardo, who stood by. "It is, indeed," replied the young artist. "Then, I will never submit to be outdone by a child—I will not touch pencil more," said Verocchio; and he kept his word.

Francis I. was the latest patron of Da Vinci. He gave the artist four thousand gold crowns for his cele-

brated portrait of "Mona Lisa:" he pensioned him also, and delighted to do him honor. When his courtiers ventured to express their surprise that he should prefer his company to theirs, he rebuked them by saying that he could make as many lords as he chose, but that God alone could make a Leonardo da Vinci. This great artist expired at Fontainebleau in 1519, aged sixty-seven years. The king visited him in his last moments; and when Leonardo, deeply affected by this testimony of his regard, raised himself in his bed to express his gratitude, he fell back and expired in the arms of the monarch. Da Vinci always carried in his pocket a book, in which he was in the habit of sketching any remarkable face, object, or effect of nature that struck his fancy. These studies, or many of them, have been published in London, and also in Milan, Germany, and elsewhere.

Leonardo's *chef-d'œuvre*, the "Last Supper," was painted in 1494, on the walls of the refectory of the Dominican Convent of Santa Maria della Grazia, at Milan. It covered the entire side of the hall, and was thirty feet in length by fifteen feet in height. The artist was limited to six months for the execution of the painting; and the last day had arrived, when the head of Judas had yet to be painted. If the legend be accepted, the prior of the convent having made himself very disagreeable to Da Vinci by his frequent insults, his portrait was painted for that of Judas; and, having finished the painting, he hung a curtain before it. The next day his patron, the Duke of Milan, with

many invited guests, assembled in the refectory to witness the great production. When the curtain was removed, the prior, believing that the work was still unfinished, and eager to enjoy a triumph, was struck dumb with astonishment on beholding the missing portrait of the traitor supplied by his own. A murmur of approbation ran through the company at the expense of the mischievous monk, and Leonardo's triumph was complete. The legend has been, however, deemed apocryphal. This fine picture for three centuries was the art-glory of Milan. The expression of each character in it is a study. The surprise and alarm depicted in the faces of the apostles are admirably rendered, while that of the traitor betrays itself by its sinister expression. To portray such a physiognomy, it is said that the artist often visited the resorts of the debased in quest of a model; which, as some authorities tell us, he at last discovered in that of the aforesaid irate prior.

Fresco-painting — admitted to be one of the highest branches of art — was adopted by most of the notable artists, such as the Carracci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, and others. The practice of painting on walls is traceable to the Greeks; and, after a century of its decline, the art has again come into vogue — the British Houses of Parliament affording a notable illustrative instance.

Chief among the great masters, Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, was born in 1474, at Tuscany, of patrician parentage. From his profound conception of the

terrible and difficult in art, he has been styled the Dante of painting ; and Sir Joshua Reynolds has said of him, that " to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man ! " One of the earliest indications of his genius is thus given : When he was only thirteen years of age he borrowed a picture from a friend, and copied it with such exactitude, that it could hardly be distinguished from the original. He played a joke with his friend, indeed, by sending his copy in return for the original, and thus deceived him for a time. Soon after this successful attempt, he studied under Domenico Ghirlandajo, himself once the pupil of Giotto. He was conscious of his powers, even in his early days ; for he painted a " Holy Family " for one Angelo Doni. When the picture was finished, it was sent home, with a note requesting the payment of seventy ducats. Doni did not expect to pay more than forty, and sent him word to that effect. Our artist replied by increasing his demand to one hundred. His patron then said he would pay the original sum, seventy ; but, declining this, the artist doubled the amount, which he ultimately received.

His triumphs in sculpture were as signally great as in painting ; his " Laughing Fawn " and " Sleeping Cupid " being instances of this fact, by which, indeed, he attracted the admiration of his friend and patron, Lorenzo de' Medici. But as the painter, we have to speak of him. He has been styled the inventor of

epic-painting in the Sistine Chapel, and the personifier of motion in the groups of the cartoons of Pisa, while he has embodied sentiment on the monuments of St. Lorenzo ; and in the "Last Judgment" he has portrayed every variety of attitude of the body, as well as the several passions of the soul.

"Art was his world, and he
Was Art's anointed king."

In fresco-painting, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is the grandest illustration of Michael Angelo's power of invention, grouping, and rich conception of the beautiful. Along the centre of the roof are portrayed the successive events in the biblical history of man ; in the angles, the figures of the prophets and sibyls ; and on the arches, the genealogy of the Saviour. "The Last Judgment," which is painted on the end-wall of the chapel, is the most wonderful composition, and, to be estimated aright, must be carefully studied in detail. The "mighty moralist of art" had reached his sixtieth year when he undertook this great work. In the Pauline Chapel, at the other end of the Sala Regia, there are two large frescos of this artist, — one being the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," and the other "The Conversion of St. Paul." The exquisite drawing and coloring of these two studies place them among the best productions of his easel.

But, with all his splendid genius, there was defect. He was of an arrogant and sarcastic temper ; and, on one occasion, he suffered a severe penalty for it. He

said something that stung to the quick a young brother artist, Torrigiano, who took his revenge by striking him so severe a blow in the face as to disfigure him for life. A somewhat critical controversy also occurred between him and his great patron, Pope Julius II., in which he discovered a like fit of petulancy and pride. Michael Angelo was among the first invited to Rome, and was immediately employed by the Pope, in the execution of a magnificent mausoleum. On the completion of the design, it was difficult to find a site befitting its splendor; and it was at length determined to rebuild St. Peter's, in order that this monument might be erected in a structure of corresponding magnificence. Thus originated the design of that edifice, which was a hundred and fifty years in building, and which has long been the grandest architectural wonder of the world. This great monument was, after many delays, completed, and placed, not as originally intended, in St. Peter's, but in the Church of St. Pietro, in Vincoli. On this monument is the celebrated colossal statue of Moses, which places Michael Angelo foremost among sculptors. Equally remarkable was this wonderful genius as architect, sculptor, and painter, as well as poet. The name of Michael Angelo will be immortalized while the peopled walls of the Sistine Chapel exist, or the mighty fabric of St. Peter's rears its proud dome above the spires of the Eternal City.

As an illustration of the painstaking attention and devotion to details of the old masters, we read of a friend having called on Michael Angelo, who was fin-

ishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again ; the sculptor was still at his work : his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I last saw you !" — "By no means," was the reply. "I have retouched this part, and polished that ; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle ; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." His friend responded, "Well ; but all these are trifles." — "It may be so," said the great artist ; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

His greatest work — "The Last Judgment" — occupied him eight years. Its size measured fifty feet in height by forty in width ; and it comprised upwards of three hundred figures, some of which were colossal. Our artist had composed designs for this great painting, when Paul III., being aware of the fact, commanded, or rather entreated, him to commence the work ; for he went to his house, accompanied by ten cardinals, — an honor never before known in the annals of art. The Pope desired that it should be painted in oil ; but Michael Angelo positively declined to undertake it, except in fresco, saying that oil-painting was an employment only fit for women, or idlers of mean capacity.

When asked why he did not marry, he replied that his art was his mistress, and gave him trouble enough. He lived in study and seclusion, never ceasing to seek after knowledge, throughout his long life. In his old age he was found, one day, by Cardi-

nal Sarnite, walking alone among the ruins of the Coliseum. The cardinal expressed surprise. "I go yet to school," said Michael, "that I may continue to learn."

Michael Angelo closed his career as a painter with his frescos in the Pauline Chapel. During the remainder of his life, a period of sixteen years, we find him wholly devoted to architecture. One of the most beautiful anecdotes recorded of Michael Angelo, in his later years, was that of his strong and generous attachment to his old servant, Urbino. One day, when they were together, the artist said to him, "What wilt thou do when I am gone, Urbino?" The reply was, "I must then seek another master." — "No, that shall never be!" said his generous patron; and he immediately presented him with two thousand crowns, thus rendering him independent of himself and others. Michael Angelo, however, survived his faithful servant. "My Urbino is dead," he wrote to Vasari, "to my infinite grief and sorrow. Living, he served me truly; and, in his death, he taught me how to die." We have said that the great artist was arrogant; and yet, with all his conscious power, this incident shows that he could be generous and high-minded. He was, indeed, too nobly proud to be vulgarly vain. He died at Rome, in 1563, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. A few days before his death he dictated his will, in these words: "I bequeath my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my possessions to my nearest relations." His remains were secretly conveyed to Florence, and consigned to a tomb in the Church of Santa Croce.

Contemporary with the "mighty Florentine," but essentially unlike him in some of his characteristics, was Raphael, the founder of the Roman School. Although he died in his thirty-seventh year, yet so laborious was his brief life, that he bequeathed to posterity more numerous productions of rare excellence than any other artist since the revival of art.

If Michael Angelo was the Dante of art, Raphael may be styled the Shakspeare among painters, — the style of the former being the epic, that of the latter the dramatic. Fame has ever transmitted to us the name of this great artist with the glorious affix of *Raphael the Divine*; and, in a conventional sense, who would deprive him of the proud appellation?

"'Twas his, to choose the nobler end of art,
And charm the eye, subservient to the heart;
The passions' protean empire to control,
And wield expression's sceptre o'er the soul."

He was educated in his father's studio, and thus imbibed a love of art from his cradle. Even in manhood, his calm, beautiful physiognomy, with his soft, mild eyes, and long, flowing hair, might have served as a model for some of his own angel-heads. Raphael, at first, found an excellent master in Perugino; but he soon exchanged him for Leonardo da Vinci. He saw the great works of that master-painter, and those of his contemporary, Michael Angelo, and at once caught inspiration from their genius.

Raphael's stay at Florence was the time of matured studies; and while there, his already high reputation

reaching the ears of the Pope, Julius II., he was at once appointed one of the artists for the decoration of the Vatican.

With scarcely less of the halo of glory that surrounds the splendid genius of whom we have last spoken, is the illustrious name of Raphael attended. "Michael Angelo, his rival," says Lanzi, "contributed not a little to the success of Raphael. The noble determination of triumphing in such a powerful contest animated him night and day, to surpass both his rival and himself." While Raphael, assisted by his scholars, was designing and executing the large frescos in the Vatican, he was engaged in many other works. His fertile mind and cunning hand were ever active ; and the number of original art-creations of this wonderful man, and the rapidity with which they succeeded each other, are unexampled. Among the most celebrated of his compositions may be enumerated the series of subjects from the Old Testament, called "Raphael's Bible : " these were comparatively small pictures adorning the thirteen cupolas of the "Loggia" of the Vatican. Then, there was still greater work for the Vatican intrusted to Raphael, — the interior decorations of the Sistine Chapel. Leo X. resolved to substitute real draperies of the most costly material ; and Raphael was to furnish the subjects and drawings, which were to be copied in the looms of Flanders, and worked in a mixture of wool, silk, and gold. Thus originated the famous cartoons of Raphael.

They were originally eleven in number, four having

been lost: the remaining seven are at the Museum, South Kensington, England. These great cartoons have been made familiar by the engraver's art. They measure from fourteen to eighteen feet in length by twelve in height, and are colored in distemper (for tapestry). The subjects are, "The Death of Ananias," "Elymas the Sorcerer," "Healing of the Lame Man at the Temple Gate," the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra," "Paul preaching at Athens," and "The Charge to Peter." These cartoons, at the suggestion of Rubens, were purchased by Charles I. of England. The remaining cartoons (now lost) represented the "Stoning of Stephen," the "Conversion of St. Paul," "Paul in Prison," and the "Coronation of the Virgin." The original tapestries, for which the Pope is said to have paid the manufacturers in Arras fifty thousand gold ducats, after various mutations of fortune, are now in the Vatican, but are so injured and faded that the general effect of the coloring is destroyed. Raphael also furnished the designs, but not the cartoons, for a second series of ten tapestries, which are also in the Vatican.

Said Fuseli, "Michael Angelo came to Nature, Nature came to Raphael: he transmitted her features like a lucid glass, unstained, unmodified. We stand with awe before Michael Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us: we embrace Raphael, and follow wherever he leads us." Mildness was the great characteristic of his pictures, and beauty of delineation and color seem to have been his chief study. Raphael

and Michael Angelo have been called the two great sovereigns of the two distinct empires of truth,—the actual and the imaginative. It is the province of all art to be essentially true, and these great contemporaries were illustrious examples of the fact. One of Raphael's most renowned productions is the "*Madonna di San Sisto*:" in execution, as in design, this has been by some critics pronounced the most perfect picture extant. It now forms the chief boast and glory of the Dresden Gallery. It is said to have been painted at once on the canvas, without any previous study. He painted many other celebrated "*Madonnas*," which grace other great galleries. During the last years of his life, brief, but most fruitful to the world, he was engaged upon the "*Transfiguration*," his masterpiece, when he was seized with a fever, which caused his death. His body lay in state in the chamber in which he had been accustomed to paint; and over his lifeless form hung this, the last great effort of his genius. All Italy, and indeed the whole civilized world, mourned his loss. In the year 1833 there was found a skull, supposed to have been that of the great artist. Search was then made for his tomb in the Church of the Rotunda (i.e., of the Pantheon) at Rome, when the mortal remains of the great artist were discovered in a vault behind the high altar, and "*certified as his, by indisputable proof.*" After being examined, and a cast made from the skull, and from the right hand, the skeleton was exhibited publicly in a glass case, and multitudes thronged to the church

to look upon it: after which a second funeral took place in the presence of a great concourse, including all the artists and *cognoscenti* of Rome and elsewhere. Such was Raphael's laborious devotion to art, that he left to the world, during his short life, no less than two hundred and eighty-seven paintings, and five hundred and seventy-six cartoon drawings and studies.

The golden age of art in Italy culminated in its glory with the triple splendors of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio. Pre-eminent for their creative genius, they each glorified their own respective departments. We have now to refer to the characteristic excellence of the last named, which consisted in his "revelling in the illusions of *chiaro-oscuro*, so that to him all nature appeared clothed in a soft, transparent veil of lights and shadows." Antonio Allegri — known to the world by the name of his native town in Tuscany, Correggio — so impressed one of his notable contemporaries, — Annibale Carracci, — that, on seeing one of his great pictures, he exclaimed, in a transport, "He is the *only* painter!"

Correggio's picture of Mercury teaching Cupid to read, in the presence of Venus, is regarded as one of the most celebrated works of art extant. It now adorns the National Gallery of England. When Charles I., in 1630, purchased the Mantuan collection for twenty thousand pounds, this picture and three others by Correggio were included in the bargain. On the sale of that king's effects, by order of Parlia-

ment, it was purchased by the Duke of Alva ; it was subsequently taken to Madrid and to Naples by Murat, thence to Rome and Vienna ; and lastly it was purchased by Lord Londonderry, the English ambassador, who sold it, with the "*Ecce Homo*," to the British nation for ten thousand guineas.

One of the most remarkable works of ancient art was the "*Notte*" ("*Night*") of Correggio. Adopting an idea, till then unknown to painters, he introduced a new method of light and shade, giving thereby a very increased depth of perspective to his picture. The subject he chose was the Nativity : and the painter so managed the picture, that the principal light emanates from the body of the infant Saviour, illuminating the surrounding objects ; while a subordinate glory emanates from a group of angelic messengers attendant upon the miraculous advent. The history of this wonderful picture is given as follows : While Correggio was engaged upon the grand cupola at Parma, he generally passed the time, when he could not work in fresco, in his native place. Passing through Reggio in one of his journeys, he received a commission to paint an altar-piece of the Nativity, for the Pratoneri Chapel. During the Peninsula war, a few days before the French entered Seville, another valuable picture by Correggio, painted on wood, was sawed in two, for its more easy conveyance to a place of safety. By some chance, the two parts were separated on their way to Cadiz ; and, as each part arrived there, it was sold to a connoisseur, with the under-

standing that the purchaser should have the remaining half of the picture. Both parts ultimately arrived in England, and the possessor of each maintained that he was entitled to the other part. The rival proprietors are said to be rich and obstinate, and the parts are not likely to be re-united. The whole picture has been valued at four thousand guineas.

Wonderful as was the genius of Correggio, he does not appear to have enjoyed his full meed of reward, if we are to accept the story that is told of his having been paid but a paltry sum by the monks for the painting now so admired, "The Assumption of the Virgin," and that they gave it in copper coin, compelling him to carry it to his cottage, a distance of eight miles, under an Italian sun,—from the fatigue of which journey, it is added, he took a fever, and died. We are, however, glad to find that Lanzi gives us a brighter aspect of the artist's life, and assures us that he was possessed of adequate pecuniary resources. He was a member of one of the fraternities of St. John the Evangelist, at Parma, of which the illustrious Tasso was also a brother. He died suddenly in 1534, aged only forty years.

Not many years after his death, the great Titian, passing through Parma, heard of Correggio's picture in the cathedral, and hastened to look at it. A canon accompanied the illustrious stranger. Seeing Titian intently gazing upon the painting, the priest hastened to tell him that it was a contemptible work, unworthy his attention, and that it was about to be destroyed.

"Destroy this picture!" cried the horror-stricken artist: "take care what you do! it is a glorious work; and, were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio!"

Parmigiano, as he was called by the Italians,—being a native of Parma,—but whose real name was Francesco Mazzuoli, was endowed with a precocious genius; for at the age of fourteen he produced a picture of the "Baptism of Christ," which discovered such grace and skill, that it reminded the observer of Correggio. That great artist had not then visited Parma; for it was four years later (in 1521) that he painted the cupola of San Giovanni, when Francesco, then only eighteen, was selected as one of his assistants in that grand work. Ambitious, versatile, accomplished, of graceful person and refined tastes, it is not surprising that he was universally admired. He visited Rome shortly after the accession of Clement VII., the patron of art; and, as it was also just after the death of Raphael, a splendid vista of glory was opened up to him. He took with him only three pictures,—the "Infant Christ;" a portrait of himself seated in his atelier, amid his books and musical instruments, but the whole scene represented on the panel as if viewed in a convex mirror; the third picture was characterized by the magic effects of *chiaro-oscuro* in Correggio, torchlight, daylight, and a celestial light being all introduced without disturbing the harmony of the coloring. This last he presented to the Pope. While at Rome he found another great patron in the

Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici. Among others he painted a grand altar-piece to adorn the chapel at Citta di Castello : this is the celebrated "Vision of St. Jerome," now in the British National Gallery. This picture is an eminent example of the characteristic beauties and also defects of Parmigiano's pencil. The Madonna and Child are models of dignity and grace, the drawing elegant, and the play of the lights and shadows worthy of Correggio ; but the foreshortened figure of St. Jerome in the background is distorted, and the attitude of St. John the Baptist theatrical. It is related, that, while the artist was working upon this great painting, Rome was in a state of siege by the Constable de Bourbon, during which he was so absorbed by his work that he heard nothing of the tumult around him till some soldiers, with an officer at their head, broke into his atelier. As he turned round in quiet surprise from his easel, they were so struck by the beauty of his picture, as well as by the composure of the artist, that they retired without doing him any injury. But another party of ruffians afterwards seized him, insisted on ransom, and robbed him of all he possessed. Thus reduced to poverty, he fled from Rome, now a scene of indescribable horrors, and reached Bologna, barefooted and penniless, but not bereft of his genius and his fame. He is said to have invented the art of *etching*, which discovery proved a ready resource and relief from the pressure of poverty. Two of his later art-triumphs were, "Moses Breaking the Tables of the Law," and "Eve

taking the Forbidden Fruit," which are his most faultless productions.

Giorgione, or Giorgio Barbarelli, his proper name, was another great inventive genius: indeed, he was essentially a poet and musician, as well as painter. If Raphael be the Shakspeare, then Giorgione may be styled the Byron, of painting. He was not merely a great painter, but a famous musical performer and composer on the lute, to which he sung his own verses. He practised much in fresco, at Venice: his great pictures are now rarely to be met with; of the few which remain to us, the most famous is the "Finding of Moses." His portraits are splendid realizations, yet idealizations: some fine examples of his artistic skill exist in the galleries of Munich and Venice. Byron has celebrated the picture in the Manfrini Palace at Venice, but the poet errs in styling it the "portraits of his son and wife and self:" Giorgione never married. In the Dresden Gallery is his exquisite pastoral group of "Jacob and Rachel." Among the painters who worked with him was Pietro Luzzo, familiarly known as *Morto da Feltro*, who painted in arabesque and the antique style. This *Morto* was a friend of Giorgione, and lived under the same roof with him. He took advantage of Giorgione's confidence, and induced a girl whom our artist passionately loved, to elope with him. Wounded doubly by her falsehood and his friend's treachery, Giorgione sank into despair, and soon after died at the early age of thirty-three.

We now reach, in the historic procession of great painters, Titian, the glory of the Venetian school. Art critics tell us that his name is synonymous with fine coloring, that his shadows and undertones are enlivened by a thousand local hues and flickering lights. Titian gave many hostages to fame, and few names in the annals of genius are more highly prized. As if prophetic of his future genius, we are told that his first indication of a love of art was his instinctive feeling as a colorist, using the expressed juice of flowers to paint a figure of a Madonna. His beautiful picture of "Bacchus and Ariadne," which is now in the National Gallery of London, presents an epitome of the characteristic excellences of Titian. At Ferrara Titian painted the portrait of the notorious Lucrezia Borgia; and here, also, he formed a friendship with the poet Ariosto, whose portrait he painted. At this time he was invited to Rome by Leo X., for whom Raphael was executing some of his finest works: but, strange to say, he declined; and the great artists did not meet each other, Titian having strong attachments to his home and friends at Venice.

In 1530 the Emperor Charles V., and Pope Clement VII., met at Bologna, each surrounded by a brilliant retinue of the most distinguished personages of the day; and Titian was introduced to both emperor and pope. After a sojourn of some months at Bologna, our artist returned to Venice loaded with honors and rewards. There was no potentate, prince, or poet who did not covet the honor of being immortalized by

his pencil. Titian accompanied Charles V. into Spain in 1532, and remained there three years. Such was the intimate friendship between the emperor and the painter, indeed, that it excited the jealousy of the courtiers. On one occasion, as Charles V. was riding, with Titian at his right hand, his courtly attendants demurred, when the emperor made the well-known reply, "I have many nobles, but only one Titian." The same potentate once visiting the great painter, and observing the pencil fall from Titian's hand, the emperor took it up, and presented it, saying, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian."

Being seized with the plague, which in 1576 raged with so much destructive fury in Venice, Titian found himself stretched on the same bed of death with his beloved son, Horatio, whom he had educated with so much care in his own profession, without a single friend to minister to their last necessities.

Peter Paul Rubens, another great name in the galaxy of fame, early discovered a love of his art, and extraordinary genius for it. One day, when he was engaged in painting the history of Turnus and Æneas, in order to warm his imagination with poetic rapture, he repeated the lines of Virgil, beginning, —

"Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet," etc.

The Duke of Mantua, his patron, overhearing his recitations, entered the apartment, and was surprised to find the young painter's mind richly stored with classical literature. After visiting Venice, Rome, Genoa,

and other cities, leaving everywhere superb specimens of his magic pencil, he returned to his native place, to attend the funeral of his mother. Here he married, and built a noble mansion, which he embellished with a rich collection of pictures by the great masters, vases, busts, etc. This collection was sold many years afterward to the Duke of Buckingham for ten thousand guineas. In 1620, at the instance of Marie de Médicis, he decorated the gallery of the Luxembourg with a series of twenty-four emblematical pictures, illustrative of her life. His death occurred at Antwerp in 1640 ; and he was buried with extraordinary pomp, in the Church of St. James, under the altar of the chapel, which he had decorated with one of his finest paintings. His entire productions number, it is believed, over eighteen hundred, which are scattered in the public and private collections of the world. The enormous value set upon his works may be inferred from the fact that "The Judgment of Paris," now in the British National Gallery, brought four thousand pounds.

Rubens has been styled the Sir Walter Scott of art ; his pictures possessing the glow of color, the variety of character, and the vividness of delineation, which characterize the "Waverley Novels." Rubens was, perhaps, more favored than any other artist : nearly all the states of Europe vied with each other to do him honor. When on a secret embassy from the court of Spain to Charles I., and during his sojourn in England, he painted the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall. His celebrated picture, "Diana and

her Nymphs," was taken to Hampton Court, and presented to the king by Rubens himself. Fuseli thus estimates his genius: "With unbounded power over the instruments of art, and endowed with a full comprehension of his own character, he wasted not a moment on the acquisition of excellence incompatible with its fervor, but flew to the centre of his ambition, Venice, and soon compounded from the splendor of Paolo Veronese, and the glow of Tintoretto, that florid system of manner and magnificence which is the element of his art, and principle of his school. What has been said of Michael Angelo in *form*, may be said of Rubens in *color*, — they had but one. As the one came to Nature, and moulded her to his generic form, the other came to Nature, and tinged her with his color, — the color of gay magnificence." Rubens was born at Cologne in 1577, and remained there ten years, when his father died, and he, with his mother, removed to Antwerp.

Jacopo Robusti, known as Tintoretto (from the trade of his father, who was a dyer), was a pupil with Titian. He was so rapid a painter, that he was called among his friends *Il Furioso*. His great picture of "Paradise," fixed to the ceiling of the library in the Ducal Palace at Venice, is the largest oil-painting in the world. Tintoretto was an extraordinary genius, wild, capricious, and extravagant, and occasionally guilty of slight errors and anachronisms; for instance, in a picture which represents the Israelites gathering manna in the desert, he has actually armed them with guns.

There were five artists of the name of Carracci, Annibale being the most distinguished of the family: his "St. John in the Wilderness" is said to partake much of the autumnal glory of Titian's fine landscapes.

Of the Spanish schools, Murillo is the chief, — a painter rivalling Velasquez and Vandyke. His genius emerged from the obscurity of poverty to the patronage of the palaces of Madrid and the Escorial itself. He was invited to Cadiz, where he painted the grand altar of the Capuchins, and his more celebrated work, "The Marriage of St. Catherine." In one of those moments when a man of genius minds nothing save the subject which possesses his fancy, Murillo forgot that he was working on a lofty scaffold, and fell, hurting himself so severely that he never wholly recovered from its effects. As a faithful delineator of Nature, his works stand pre-eminent; but they lack the dignity of Raphael, the grandeur of Carracci, and the grace of Correggio. While employed at the convent of the Capuchins, Seville, Murillo formed a friendship with a lay brother, the cook of the fraternity, who attended to his physical wants when he needed assistance. At the conclusion of his labors, the Capuchin of the kitchen begged for some trifling memorial of his pencil. The artist was quite willing to comply, but said that he had exhausted his stock of canvas. "Never mind," said the ready cook, "take this napkin," offering him that which he had used at dinner. The good-natured artist accordingly went to work; and, before evening, he had converted the piece of coarse linen

into a picture, compared to which cloth of gold would be accounted worthless. This is the legend of Murillo's renowned picture of the "Virgin of the Napkin," which once adorned the high altar of the Capuchins, and which is now in the Museum at Seville. The picture is colored with a brilliancy which Murillo never excelled, glowing with a golden light, as if in perpetual sunshine. His paintings, chiefly Scriptural subjects, are highly prized. They are scattered over the world, — in the Dulwich Gallery, England; many in the Escorial, and the collections, public and private, of other countries of Europe. The English Government paid four thousand guineas for his picture of the "Holy Family," and two thousand pounds for one of "St. John with the Lamb:" these are in the National Gallery, London. His famous "Assumption of the Virgin," considered Murillo's masterpiece, brought the enormous sum of five hundred and eighty-six thousand francs, and was bought by the French Government for the Louvre, — Russia, Spain, and England competing for its possession.

Not far from Naples, in the little hamlet of Renella, was born (in 1615), of humble lineage, one who has made his name immortal, — Salvator Rosa. In early life he rambled about the country, sketching objects with half-burned sticks on old scraps of paper; and his parents punished him for thus idling away his time, by giving him long Latin prayers to get by heart. It is said that he once so far forgot himself as to take his sticks instead of his prayer-book to church, and that

he employed himself during service in filling every vacant place he could find with drawings. This poor peasant, in his love of art, wandered into the mountains of the Abruzzi ; and, while exercising his pencil, he was taken by the banditti. During his captivity he made sketches that won for him his liberty, but he was penniless and friendless. He yet fought his way to fortune, in spite of all opposing difficulties ; for Rome was filled with his great fame ; and there, amidst the homage of Pope and princes, painters and poets, he for some time lived, and closed his brilliant career.

While Rubens revelled in his fancy for Fauns and Satyrs, Poussin, in imitation of the ancients, represented Phœbus driving his chariot of the sun. But both painted Nature as well as allegory, and with a master hand. Poussin has been pronounced of all painters the most poetic : he was the painter of ideas, and no one could make the pencil speak better. One of his renowned pictures, "The Ark of God among the Philistines," brought him but sixty crowns ; but the original purchaser sold it, not long afterward, to the Duc de Richelieu for a thousand crowns. He was commissioned by Louis XIII. to paint an altar-piece for the Chapel of St. Germain en Laye, where he produced his admirable work, "The Last Supper." There are eight of his pictures in the British National Gallery, fourteen in the Dulwich Collection, and many elsewhere. Poussin's most celebrated works were, "The Death of Germanicus," "The Taking of Jerusalem by Titus," and "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," the

last-named being in the Pontifical Palace of Monte Cavello. Poussin left Paris, and returned to Rome, where he indulged undisturbed his art-studies. For twenty-three years he lived a quiet, unostentatious life, and executed a great number of pictures, which decorate the principal cabinets of Europe. Many of his productions were prized next to Raphael's. Yet his modesty did not forsake him. Cardinal Mancini was accustomed to visit his studio : on one occasion, having staid later than usual, Poussin lighted him to the door, when the prelate remarked, "I pity you, Poussin, that you have not one servant."—"And I," replied the artist, "pity your Excellency, that you are obliged to keep so many."

Rembrandt, the representative name of the Dutch school of painters, like Murillo, affords an illustration of genius triumphing over adverse influences. He was born on the banks of the Rhine, near Leyden, of respectable parents, and received a good education in his boyhood ; but he was of a wayward and eccentric disposition, frequenting ale-houses to sketch boors and bar-maids. He had an innate passion for art, however, and had already brought both the arts of painting and engraving to great perfection (in his own way), when a slight incident led him to fame and fortune. He was induced by a friend to take one of his choicest pictures to a picture-dealer at the Hague, who at once paid him one hundred florins for it. He afterward went to Amsterdam, where he married a peasant beauty, and settled there for life. His etchings are esteemed as

highly as his paintings by some connoisseurs. His works are numerous, numbering over six hundred, and are dispersed in various public and private collections of Europe, and, when in the market, command enormous prices. There are eight in the British National Gallery, one of which, "The Woman taken in Adultery," once in the Orleans Gallery, sold for five thousand pounds. Rembrandt is said to have sketched his portraits with precision, and a mixture of colors peculiar to himself: he then went over this preparation with vigorous touches, putting in intensely dark shadows. He possessed the faculty of seizing at once each physiognomy, not embellishing Nature, but imitating her so simply and truthfully, that the heads seem to start from the canvas. His manner of painting, indeed, was a species of magic.

Claude of Lorraine — French by birth, Italian by his studies and his adopted country — has been styled the "Raphael of landscape-painting." His productions, mostly sunny scenes of nature, are familiar to connoisseurs, all over Europe. Two of his celebrated marine pictures are the "Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus," and "Ulysses restoring Chryseis to her Father." These, with some of his other works, may suffice to warrant his claim to be considered the most poetic of landscape-painters. By means of her gold, England has obtained nearly all of his best pictures.

The eminent Dutch marine painter, Van der Velde, was remarkable for the accuracy and spirit of his sketches. The states of Holland furnished him with

a small vessel to accompany their fleets while in action, that he might make sketches of their manœuvres and engagements with the British. It is stated, that during the memorable engagement between the Duke of Albemarle and the Dutch Admiral De Ruyter, which lasted three days, he sailed alternately between the fleets, so as to represent, with the greatest exactness, every movement of the ships and the circumstances of the action, at the imminent risk of his life. Van der Velde was afterward invited to England by Charles II., who had become acquainted with his talents when he was in Holland. Our artist arrived in London when well advanced in years; and the king settled upon him a pension of one hundred pounds per annum, until his death, in 1693. There are a dozen of his sea-fights and marine pictures in the gallery at Hampton Court. Like his father, the younger Van der Velde achieved also a distinguished reputation as a marine painter. His compositions, indeed, are distinguished by a still more elegant and graceful arrangement of his objects, and brilliancy of coloring, than characterized those of his father. His numerous pictures have been eagerly sought after, and many of them have brought high prices; for example, the picture known as "*Le Coup de Canon*" brought at auction, in 1844, no less a sum than thirteen hundred and eighty guineas.

Pietro da Cortona, the illustrious Florentine painter, whose real name was Berrettini, was born in 1596. At the age of fourteen he went to Rome, where he

studied the works of Raphael. His genius for his art early revealed itself; and his "Rape of the Sabines," and some other productions, gave him such celebrity that Pope Urban VIII. commissioned him to paint a chapel in the Church of St. Bibbiena. His success in this gained him the celebrated work of the ceiling of the grand saloon of the Barberini Palace, which is considered one of the greatest productions of the kind ever executed. Cortona afterward received a commission to paint the saloon and four apartments in the Pitti Palace. While thus engaged, the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. one day expressed his admiration of a weeping child that he had just painted. Cortona, with a single stroke of his pencil, made him appear laughing, and with another restored the picture to its former state. "Prince," said he, "you see how easily children can be made to laugh and cry."

A noteworthy name that of Ribera. A Spanish peasant boy, familiarly known as *Il Spagnoletto* ("Little Spaniard"), visited Rome in his twentieth year, and afterward settled at Naples, where he became renowned as a painter. Subsequently he was married to the daughter of a wealthy picture-dealer, and thus was placed beyond the reach of want. The house in which he, with his wife's family, resided, was situated in the same square as the palace of the viceroy. One day, according to the Italian custom, his father-in-law had placed on the balcony, for public exhibition, a "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew," which Ribera had just completed. A crowd, attracted by the sight of the

magnificent work, soon surrounded the house, and filled the air with their applause. The noise was so great, that at the little Spanish court it was believed that there was a popular outbreak. The viceroy came out armed, saw the cause of the disturbance, and ordered the artist to appear before him. His joy was great to find in this official a fellow countryman. He named him at once his titular painter, with suitable appointments, and gave him apartments in his own palace. He soon became the opulent artist and the friend of nobles and princes. It is said, that, on one occasion, two Spanish officers, dazzled by the pretended miracles of alchemy, came to offer him a share in their fortune if he would advance the funds for their researches after the Philosopher's Stone. "I also make gold," replied Ribera mysteriously: "return to-morrow, and I will reveal to you my secret." Faithful to their appointment, the two alchemists found Ribera the next day in his studio, giving the finishing-touches to a picture. He called a servant, and ordered him to take the picture to a merchant, who would give him in exchange four hundred ducats; and, when the servant returned, he threw the money on the table, saying, "Gentlemen, this is the gold which comes from my crucible. I need no other secret to procure it in abundance." Great as was his genius and his fame, his character has been dishonored by his reckless immoralities. Ribera has been placed in the foremost rank of realistic painters: no artist has carried force, boldness, brilliancy,

and solidity in the execution of his works, farther than this Spaniard.

Of the German school, we might mention Hans Holbein the younger, who lived some time at Basle, and went to England, where he was retained by Henry VIII. The largest collection of his productions, consequently, are at the old palace of Hampton Court. Holbein cannot be known to perfection in Paris. Basle and Dresden possess his greatest works, — the former his drawings and cartoons, and the latter his greatest production, the rival of the renowned “Madonna di San Sisto,” called the “Meyer Madonna.” This is considered the *chef-d’œuvre* of the Augsburg painter; although this has been by some disputed in favor of one of his portraits, that of a Knight of the Golden Fleece, believed to be the Emperor Maximilian I. Before Holbein quitted Basle for England, having just finished a portrait for one of his patrons, he painted a fly on the forehead, and sent the picture home. The portrait was greatly admired; and the purchaser attempted to brush off the fly, when he discovered the deceit. The optical illusion soon spread, and the fame of the artist soon became widely known.

Albert Dürer, who has been styled the Raphael of Germany, was the friend alike of Erasmus and Luther. He was a strange genius; but “he seemed to sum up the character of his country,” his figures being prosaically exact in detail, yet expressing ideas of poetical uncertainty and mystery. At Munich his whole history, it has been said, may be read in seventeen pic-

tures, which contain examples of his earliest attempts, his successive changes, and his latest and most finished style. His "Descent from the Cross," and the "Nativity in the Manger," as well as his "Four Evangelists," are among his greatest works. It is Vienna, however, not Munich, which possesses the finest productions of the Nuremberg master. One of these comprises within the narrow space of one panel, about a square yard in size, the legend of the "Ten Thousand Martyrs," — Christians massacred by the Persian King Sapor. The other is known as the "Adoration of the Trinity." It is Albert Dürer himself who calls these his masterpieces. Toward the close of his life he painted fewer pictures, and devoted himself to engraving, urged thereto, it is insinuated, by the avarice of his scolding spouse, whose persecutions hastened his end.

Passing over many noteworthy names, — Cranach, Matsys, Carlo Dolci, the Van Eycks, Ruysdael, Memling, and others, — we meet with that of Cuyp, "the lover of light," of whose works it has been said, that not until his finest had left Holland, did his countrymen discover their high merit. By the English he has been styled "The Dutch Claude." Cuyp's masterpieces are not only luminous under the verdant rays of a noonday sun, but also under the gray mist of the Dutch rivers.

Wouvermans, one of the most prolific of painters and a master of the Dutch school, produced, in a brief lifetime of forty-eight years, the "Two Leagues of Gallery," on which that artist prided himself. The

Gallery of Dresden contains sixty-four of his works ; and at Munich and the Hague, as well as in France and England, many of the pictures of this laborious artist may be found. In consequence of the little esteem in which his productions were held by his countrymen during his life, he is said to have destroyed, before his death, all his studies, consisting, for the most part, of roadside scenes, and hunting or battle pieces, etc. He left behind him, however, upward of eight hundred carefully finished pictures. After his death, his paintings rose prodigiously in value.

Gerard Douw is, incontestably, the most wonderful in his finishing, of all the Flemish masters. A friend, on one occasion, dropped into his studio, and noticed that he was devoting himself to the painting of a broom. When surprise was expressed that he should give so much time to so trivial an accessory, Douw replied that he should work on it for three whole days more, before he should think it finished. His elaborate productions were at a premium, even in his lifetime : some of his pictures brought their weight in silver.

Some artists leave little in their pictures for the imagination to supply : others err in the opposite direction. There was a bishop in Dublin who engaged a painter to make a large picture for the cathedral. The subject chosen was the Israelites crossing the Red Sea. When the artist hung up his production, covered with a curtain, great expectation was evinced

by the eager crowd to see it. When the curtain was drawn aside, nothing was to be seen but a vast expanse of water. In a great rage, the bishop exclaimed, "I thought I asked you to paint a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea!" — "True for you, that's just it," replied the artist. "But where *are* the Israelites?" asked the indignant prelate. "They're gone *over*," said the painter. "Well, but where are the Egyptians?" — "They're gone *under*, sure," was the response.

Vandyke, the eminent Flemish painter, attracted by the fame of Rubens, entered the school of that master. He discovered so much ability, that he was intrusted with the execution of some of his instructor's designs. It has been said — such was Vandyke's success — that even Rubens became jealous of him; but later investigation has proved the fallacy of the statement, for they ever cherished a mutual esteem. At the age of twenty Vandyke visited Italy, and at Venice spent some time studying the works of Titian: afterward he visited Rome, where he was much employed, and lived in great style.

Vandyke returned to Antwerp, whither his high reputation had preceded him. He subsequently visited England, at the invitation of Charles I., whose portrait he painted, which is so well known. He died in 1641, aged forty-two years. His remains were buried with extraordinary honors in St. Paul's Cathedral. Vandyke's long-lost "Madonna and Child" — of which almost countless copies exist in the various galleries and elsewhere in Europe — has lately been found. A

recent journal states it was discovered over the altar of an obscure German chapel, by a Flemish painter named Guy Van Hannen. This original is said to be in excellent condition.

Velasquez, another celebrated Spanish artist, at the head of the school of Madrid, belongs to the order of *naturalists*. As a portrait-painter he ranks with Rubens, Vandyke, and Titian. He pursued almost every other branch of painting, however, except the marine, with almost equal success. Philip IV. conferred upon him extraordinary honors, appointing him his principal painter, and ordained that none but the "Modern Apelles," as he styled him, should paint his portrait. "There is something in the history of this great artist," says Mrs. Jameson, "which fills the imagination like a gorgeous romance. When we read of his chivalrous qualities, his noble birth, his riches, his palaces, and, what is most rare, the warm, real, steady friendship of a king, and added to this a long life, crowned with genius, felicity, and fame, it seems almost beyond the lot of humanity." The rigor of Spanish etiquette was relaxed by Philip IV. in favor of Velasquez, as Charles V. had done with Titian; for he had his studio in the royal palace, and Philip became his familiar friend. When Velasquez produced his celebrated picture of the "Infanta Margarita," surrounded by her maids of honor, with a portrait of himself standing near, at his easel, the king conferred upon him a very unusual honor. Taking the palette and pencils, he drew in, with his own hand, upon the

breast of Velasquez's portrait, the much-coveted *Cross of Santiago*! The portraits of this great artist produced complete illusion; their freshness and individuality are so startling as to render plausible the story told of one of them: Our artist had painted the portrait of Admiral Pareja, and placed it in a dark corner of his room, when the king coming in, seeing it, and supposing the admiral to have put to sea, exclaimed, "What! still there? Did I not send thee off?" Seeing that the figure did not salute him, the king discovered his mistake. While Velasquez sojourned at Rome, he painted the portrait of Innocent X., which is now the gem of the Doria collection, and in which, says Lanzi, "He renewed the wonders which are recounted of those of Leo X., by Raphael, and Paul III., by Titian; for this picture so entirely deceived the eye as to be taken for the Pope himself."

Singular instances of pictorial illusion, like those of Apelles and Zeuxis, are on record. A cornice was so skilfully painted over a fountain in Rome, that the birds were deceived: trying to alight on it, they frequently fell into the water. Agostino Carracci painted a horse so true to nature that it deceived the living animal,—a triumph so celebrated in Apelles. It is said, also, of Murillo's picture of "St. Anthony of Padua," that the birds, wandering up and down the aisles of the cathedral at Seville, have often attempted to perch upon a vase of white lilies painted on a table in the picture, and to peck at the flowers.

Velasquez was an ardent lover of nature; and he

painted landscapes with a rough freedom of touch, after the manner of Rubens, rather than the finished detail of Van der Velde. His pictures are full of vigor and spirit, painted in a bold manner, and must be viewed from a distance. At Rome, and elsewhere, Velasquez met with honorable reception. He pursued his studies among the antiques at the Vatican, but he returned to his native country as much the realistic Spanish painter as ever. It has been remarked, that, "if painting were a second process of creation, Velasquez, without doubt, would be the greatest painter that ever lived. As portrait-painters, Vandyke, Rubens, and Titian equalled, but did not excel, him."

Ruskin justly remarks, that the names of great painters are like passing bells: "In the name of Velasquez, you hear sounded the fall of Spain; in the name of Titian, that of Venice; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome. And there is profound justice in this; for in proportion to the nobleness of the power, is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile: and hitherto the greater the art, the more surely has it been used, and used solely, for the decoration of pride, or the provoking of sensuality."

In closing our brief, imperfect sketch of "The Old Masters,"—as the kingly groups have been passing before us in swift review,—who can refrain from according to them their high meed of grateful praise for the clustered treasures of their genius? For, next to the stern demands of our physical nature, ought we

not to prize these marvels of the mind? These sublime illustrations of devoted zeal to art and æsthetic studies challenge, not only our profoundest admiration, but also our deepest gratitude. Our every-day life is altogether too prosaic: it needs the infusion of the poetic element to elevate and adorn, as well as enrich, it. Shall not, then, these illustrious examples of the artist's cunning hand quicken our languid faith, and rekindle the altar-fires of our enthusiasm for these beautiful and deathless creations of genius?

Speaking of the mystic power of art, Mrs. Jameson has this beautiful and impassioned sentence: "Marvellous power of art! that mere inanimate forms, and colors compounded of gross materials, should thus live, thus speak, thus stand a soul-felt presence before us, and, from the senseless board or canvas, breathe into our hearts a feeling beyond what the most impassioned eloquence could ever inspire — beyond what mere words can ever render."

Hazlitt has well said, "There are three pleasures in life, pure and lasting, and all derived from inanimate things, — books, pictures, and the face of nature." And in the same vein remarks Herbert Spencer, where he says, "Without painting, sculpture, music, and poetry, with the emotions produced by natural beauty, life would lose half its charm. In the words of an eminent art critic, well might we ask, 'How many millions have found in the "Apollo," the "Niobe," the "Moses," the "Transfiguration," a revelation of beauty, or sorrow, or authority, or supernatural glory,

which they never before conceived of? Who that, without expecting much, has stood for the first time before the "Crucifixion," by Tintoretto, at Venice, can ever forget the tempestuous rush of emotions which swept through his soul at the sight of that amazing picture?" Yet there is nothing, as a rule, so remote from vanity as true genius. Said Hazlitt, "It is almost as natural for those who are endowed with the highest powers of the human mind to produce the miracles of art, as for other men to breathe or move. Correggio, who is said to have produced some of his divinest works, almost without having seen a picture, probably did not know that he had done any thing extraordinary."

To the mediæval Church belongs the glory of cherishing and fostering art — painting being then regarded as a religious service. On the overthrow of the Byzantine empire in 1204, her artists went to Italy; and thus a new impulse was imparted to art in the West, where it ultimately blossomed forth in such peerless glory.

It has been well observed, that the fine arts have their proper origin in the uses of human life, independently of that infused spirit of imagination which constitutes their crowning glory. If we would justly estimate the place which the æsthetic arts have in the social status of a nation, we have only to refer to ancient Greece. With less wealth than we possess, the Greeks accomplished more for art and culture than all the rest of the world. With the accumulative resources of the ages before us, and the improved edu-

cational facilities of our times, the possibilities of the future can hardly be overestimated.

We close our desultory and restricted sketch with a brief extract from Mr. Emerson's essay on the subject : "When we have said all our fine things about the arts, we must end with a frank confession that the arts, as we know them, are but initial. Our best praise is given to what they aimed and promised, not to the actual result. He has conceived meanly of the resources of man, who believes that the best age of production is past. The real value of the *Iliad* or the 'Transfiguration' is as signs of power ; billows or ripples they are of the great stream of tendency ; tokens of the everlasting effort to produce, which even in its worst estate the soul betrays. Art has not come to its maturity if it do not put itself abreast with the most potent influences of the world, if it is not practical and moral, if it do not stand in connection with the conscience, if it do not make the poor and uncultivated feel that it addresses them with a voice of lofty cheer. There is higher work for art than the arts."

TOUCHING TAILORS.

“The tailor stays thy leisure.”

HE can a tale unfold, and hereby hangs *our* tale. Tailors, or clothiers, may be allowed to claim an older professional pedigree than any other craft: for the primal pair in Paradise fabricated, and invested themselves with, a certain kind of clothing; although we admit it was nothing to boast about. Costume of any kind, indeed, seems not to have been much in demand among the ancients while they dwelt in the tropics; but, when they wandered into colder climes, they found that clothing was very convenient: hence in process of time, and in civilized society, the tailor became a necessity.

Costume may be said to have a controlling influence over conduct and character. Dress a person well, and, other things being equal, he will be the more inclined to act well. Self-respect is fostered and fed by cleanliness and good clothing. Dress has undoubtedly a moral effect upon the conduct: negligence of dress begets negligence of address. Tailors, therefore, are among those who conserve good habits and manners. We all know the importance of outward appearances; and, since so much of our success in life is often cov-

ered up in broadcloth, it is politic for us to keep on good terms with our tailor. "A tailor make a man? Ay, sir, a tailor!" Titian on one occasion was passing through a street in Milan in his working-garb, all unnoticed by the populace. He returned home, and, arrayed in his courtly costume of purple velvet, re-appeared in public, when everybody did him homage. On returning to his studio, he took off his long velvet cloak, and, throwing it upon the ground, exclaimed, "Thou, then, art Titian — so much for drapery!" It was this same Titian, who one day dropping his brush, Charles V., who was in his studio, picked it up, and, presenting it to the astonished artist, said, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian!" If Titian was nothing to the common people without his robe, we see how very unwise it would be for any one else to disparage his tailor. He it is, we must remember, who helps us to cut a good figure in society; and it would be suicidal for us to cut him.

The term tailor, being derived from *tailler* (to cut), is very suggestive of the fact, that, by cutting of our clothes, the clothier virtually determines our destiny. He forms our *habits*, and these form our characters, and character is destiny. It is of prime importance, therefore, that our tailors' habits prove correct and suitable before we adopt them; for there is not a metamorphosis in Ovid so wonderful as that which the great magician of the shears and thimble is capable of effecting. The tailor, therefore, it is evident, makes the man, as Ben Jonson said; and, as many a brainless

member of the *beau monde* has proved, Praxiteles himself could scarcely do more than the tailor.

The business of draping the human form in the earliest or patriarchal ages, appears to have devolved principally upon the daughters of Eve; the principal article of dress being an ample woollen garment, — a cloak by day, and a couch by night, — serving, as it seems, a double purpose, like Goldsmith's stocking, which at night he drew from his foot to place on his head. The Saxons carried their own fashions with them into England; and one of these yet prevails there, — the smock-frock, which is the Saxon tunic without the belt. The Saxons tenaciously held for centuries to a fixed fashion. The Danes introduced fashions that sadly perplexed the simple tailors of old Anglia. The former, in the days of their paganism, wore black garments: when they came to England, they even surpassed the Anglo-Saxons in the gayety of their apparel. The Normans, to a great extent, adopted the smock-frock of the Saxons, modifying it somewhat, and lining it with fur for winter-wear; so that the modern blouse, or wide-awake, may be considered its legitimate descendant.

In spite of the mutations of time, some of the distinctive liveries of remote periods still continue in vogue in old England. For example, the Thames watermen wear the style of dress of the reign of Elizabeth; the royal "beef-eaters" (*buffetiers*) wear that of the private soldiers of the time of Henry VII.; the "blue-coat" boy that of Edward VI.; and the London

charity children that of Queen Anne. The costume of students of Oxford and Cambridge dates back, we believe, to the days of Mary the Papist; while the military red-coat is traceable as far back as the Lacedæmonians.

We must not touch upon the curiosities of costume, however, although the topic is a tempting one. With some of the butterfly votaries and fops of Fashion, to be out of the *mode* is a dire calamity; yet the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh is reported to have once said, in repudiating the use of excessively gay garments, "No man is esteemed for his fine attire but by fools and women." Whatever may justly be charged against the eccentricities of dress and its extravagance in times when sumptuary laws were demanded for their correction, we must not ignore the lavish expenditure, unpicturesqueness, and absurdity of much of our modern apparel. It is hardly fair, therefore, to make fun of the figures of our forefathers when we ourselves cannot be cited as models, either of taste or economy. Much has been justly claimed for the representatives of the sartorial art, and manifold are the notable names that have shed lustre upon their annals. On the other hand, it is to be conceded that much absurd raillery has been inflicted upon both them and the implements of their handicraft. Let us first glance at some of the sarcasms referred to. But what is there, forsooth, in the insignia of their trade, that any unprejudiced mind should take exception to? Why should thimble, thread and needle, shears and goose,

be made the theme of ridicule? Or why should the individuals who represent the aforesaid articles share in the general sarcasm? Is any one prepared to affirm that their wit is not as sharp-edged as their shears, or that their *penchant* for a certain species of poultry is to be deprecated, or that their ambition is to be deemed a low one because it is not above buttons? Fickle Fortune and false friends may forsake us; the doctor may poison us with his doses and his drugs; while the lawyer may drive us mad with his dog-Latin and delay; but our faithful friend the tailor, if we only pay his bill, will never leave us unprotected or exposed to the chills of winter, or heats of summer — in a word, will never leave us nonsuited.

Yet, notwithstanding all that can be alleged in his behalf, what are we to do with the old adage, — so old that no one knows its parentage, — that “a tailor is but the ninth part of a man”? Why this estimate should, from time immemorial, have never transcended that trifle above the human decimal fraction, it is not in our power to explain. It has been urged as compensatory, however, for this invidious depreciation, that he is proverbially “sound on the goose.”

Wearing of apparel being traceable to the fall of man, the melancholy of tailors is supposed to be due to the same cause; so that the memory of original sin, it is urged, like the baleful influence of the star of destiny, has been brooding darkly over those to whom in all ages has been intrusted the business of clothing mankind. Another theory, however, as to the cause

of their morbid proclivity, is, that it is traceable to their customary mode of sitting *à la Turc*. Still another attempt at solution of the mystery is the following : It is well known that the "worshipful company of clothiers" are proverbially addicted to cabbage. Now, Galen expressly condemns the article, "*animæ gravitatem facit*," as bringing heaviness to the soul. Burton, in his "Anatomie," also insists that "it causeth troublesome dreams, and sends up black vapors to the braine." Charles Lamb, writing on this subject, remarks that tailors are not, as a class, of a jovial or mercurial temperament ; and he asks, "Do you ever see a tailor go whistling along the foot-path like a carman, or brush through a crowd like a baker, or go smiling to himself like a lover?" How extremely rare is a noisy tailor, a mirthful and obstreperous tailor ! When was a tailor known to give a dance, or to be himself a good dancer, to perform exquisitely on the tight-rope, or to shine in any such light and airy position ? The peacock is not more tender, from a consciousness of his peculiar infirmity, than a gentleman of this profession is of being known by the same infallible testimonies of his occupation." "Walk, that I may know thee !" Well might a popular essayist remark, that, "if aught in the history of the world's blindness could surprise us, here might we, indeed, pause and wonder. An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading, rooted error, that tailors are a distinct species in physiology, not men, but fractional parts of a man. Call any one a *Schneider* (cutter, tailor), is it not in

our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of society, equivalent to defying his perpetual, fellest enmity? We introduce a *tailor's melancholy* more opprobrious than any leprosy into our books of medicine, and fable, I know not what, of his generating it by his living on cabbage. Why should I speak of Shakspeare in his 'Taming of the Shrew' and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record, that the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputation of eighteen tailors, addressed them with a 'Good-morning, gentlemen, *both!*'¹ Did not the same virago boast that she had a cavalry regiment whereof neither man nor horse could be injured, — her regiment, namely, of tailors and mares? Thus everywhere is the falsehood taken for granted, and acted on as an indisputable fact."

If we accept the theory of a tailor being but one-ninth a man, it follows, of course, that nine saintly members of the brotherhood of broadcloth would be required to make their tutelar deity. Accordingly, we find the veritable chroniclers give us the histories of nine ecclesiastic brethren, who each severally rejoiced in the canonical name of William. The first who bore this pet patronymic was a Savoyard, noted for the zeal with which he lacerated his refractory flesh, rather than for using saponaceous applications for its cleanliness and comfort. The second, of the same name, was a monk of large learning, but limited means; and, not to weary the reader with too many personalities, this

¹ Sartor Resartus.

latter definition characterized in the main the remaining seven of the saintly brotherhood. There was one particular, however, in which the William of the mystic number, nine, differed from his brethren : he was fond of goose ! Hence, the goose became the chosen insignia of the knights of the shears ; and the guild has ever since rejoiced to do honor to that feathered emblem of wisdom.

Another legend as to the origin of the nine tailors making a man, runs in this wise : A company of nine tailors in Prussia were in their workshop, when a mendicant asked for food. The appeal was generously responded to ; and, when the poor fellow was leaving, he exclaimed, " Now you have made a man of me ! " If this was the source of the phrase, then all members of the fraternity of clothiers may well be proud of the saying as a badge of honor.

But it is proper to turn from traditional lore to the veritable records of the chroniclers, and ascertain something about those notable men who have glorified the craft. Confined to no particular clime, the tailors seem to have wandered, like the Jewish tribes, over all the habitable globe, and to have enlisted under their banner of broadcloth all ranks and conditions of men, from peasant to prince, and to have contributed character as well as costume to men.

First, then, among those whose names are emblazoned on the scroll of fame we would refer to, is Sir John Hawkwood, the heroic tailor of the reign of Edward III., who, from being a knight of the needle, rose to

the dignity of a knight-errant. A published memoir of this worthy knight informs us, as one of the touching and early incidents of his career, that he fell in love with his master's daughter, Dorinda. The maiden did not respond to his passion, however ; she having already another swain, who was suffered to sun himself in her smiles because he possessed what the former did not, — money. The mercenary maid, accordingly, cut forth with the thread of John's acquaintance with the shears of cruelty or cupidity. Our forlorn and disappointed suitor, being thus nonsuited, sought to be revenged : he discovered the name of his rival by abstracting from the lady's cabinet one of his letters ; he then feigned the writing of the lady in a note declining any further acquaintance with him. This startling intelligence proved too severe a blow for the young man, and he became a *confirmed* lunatic. But we care not to follow up his love-exploits, or the romantic adventures of our hero : it is enough to know, that after a roistering, freebooting kind of life, as a military adventurer, he became wealthy ; and, as he had become so long accustomed to the excitement of war-like encounters, he ultimately found an ample entertainment of the same sort in the society of a Xantippe-wife, whom he afterward espoused.

The next name we shall mention is one of military fame, that of Dörfling of Bohemia, in the year 1606. This individual, as his name imports, was a villager ; but, humble as was his origin, he yet lived to sport a baron's coronet. First of all, he was apprenticed to a

tailor, and cut away in that line of business with a zeal worthy of a hero of the field. Well, as he made clothes for others, he did *not* make money for himself: consequently, he cut the tailoring business *in toto*, and enlisted in the army. The ex-tailor in epaulets fought like a lion at Prague, and won great renown for his bravery. He cut his way to promotion, for his sword was kept unsheathed during the Thirty Years' War. The record states that he was ever active, happy, and energetic, most at home where the fire was thickest and the fray hottest, and too busy to be unhappy, until the Peace of Westphalia, which put so many wretched swords, that need never have been drawn, back into their scabbards, and laid down temporary arrangements, which might have been permanent had the parties concerned used reason before resorting to ram-rods. In rusty inaction, however, neither could Dörfling nor his sword ingloriously lie. To cut throats was accounted a more honorable occupation than to cut cloth. Before he closed up his military career, he was accounted as rich as all the retired tailors and living field-marschals in Europe put together. Dörfling lived to enter his ninetieth year. When he passed from the shop-board to the barracks, people conjectured, that, in abandoning a peaceful calling for a perilous one, he had committed a sort of early suicide. But he seemed to have a charmed life.

If Germany has had her heroic tailors, England seems not to have been wanting in them. When the Spanish armada was threatening her shores, the tailors

were among the van of her defenders. There is a scion of the shop-board, well known in English naval history, — Admiral Hobson. Although apprenticed to a tailor, in the picturesque village of Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, Hobson's choice proved to be that of fighting the French rather than following the fashions in broadcloth ; for, hearing that a squadron of men-of-war was sailing off the island, he sprang from the shop-board to ship-board. The tailor-boy soon became transformed into the sailor-boy ; and, being accepted as a volunteer on board the admiral's ship, he fought his way to fame, and ultimately returned to his home wreathed with honors, and enriched with spoils.

In the world of letters we have the tailor-craft represented by those two noteworthy antiquaries, Stow and Speed. Stow, the chronicler of London and England, was originally a tailor, "like his father before him ;" but he was more than his predecessor. He lived near "Aldgate Pump," where he pursued his tailoring and antiquarian researches. For nearly half a century he passed his days, and a good portion of his nights, in the search after that Will-o'-the-wisp, — historic truth. Of course, the poor fellow did not make it pay ; for the little amount of money he got by his needle, he lost by his purchase of books. Honest John actually brooded over his "Chronicles of England" forty years. Poorer when he finished than when he began, yet his was not altogether an unhappy life-story. "For, under trial," it has been well said,

“next to trust in God, there is no better anodyne, or more potent balm, than literary occupation ;” and of that, as Doran calls him, “that tall, thin, cheerful, pleasant, bright-eyed, strong-memored, sober, mild, courteous, truth-loving tailor and antiquary had his fill.” He swept away the fables of old London, as Niebuhr did those of ancient Rome ; yet he committed sacrilege with much of our cherished legendary lore, that till then never challenged our faith.

How long the London guild of tailors has existed as a corporate body, we do not know ; but it is known that Edward I. confirmed the guild under their old name of “Merchant Tailors and Linen Armorers.” Their symbolical shield bore a tent between two mantles, denoting that the honest members of that corporation made cloaks for all customers, and tents for the royal army. One of the most prominent of the company, in early times, was Hawkwood, of whom we have already spoken. To the honor of the guild, it should be noted that many illustrious men have been furnished to the public service by its school. The school was established by the company in 1560, “for children of all nations and countries indifferently,” — a liberal provision, which was contracted in 1731 by an order of court, “whereby express exclusion was made of the children of Jews.” It is recorded of the headmaster, Mulcaster, that, though he was an accomplished scholar, he was yet a choleric man. During his mastership of a quarter of a century, he is said to have “turned out” four bishops. He seems to have acted

upon the good old maxim, "Sparing *not* the rod, to spoil the child:" in other words, he was of the Squeers type; and he was also a Yorkshire man. But a milder administration has long since obtained in the institution. Among other notable names connected with this school may be mentioned the following: the famous Whitelock, and Juxon who accompanied Charles I. to the scaffold. John Speed was another learned tailor, and more fortunate than his brother antiquary, Stow. Speed published several important historical works, including his "History of Great Britain, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to James I." The book was popular, and gave him a reputation that was already of no mean height. Nor did he confine himself to antiquities: he also produced a religious work, "The Cloud of Witnesses; or, The Genealogies of the Scriptures, confirming the Truth of Holy History, and Humanity of Christ." For many years this essay was, by royal authority, prefixed to the English translation of the Bible. There is yet another personage, whose well-remembered name in English history will at once be recognized, who sprang from the shop-board: we refer to the garrulous, vain, clever, and ever welcome Samuel Pepys.

Pepys, the author of the well-known "Diary," was the son of a tailor of the city of London. The earliest distinction recorded of him seems to have been the equivocal one of having been, while a sizer at Cambridge, "scandalously overserved with drink" on a certain occasion. His subsequent career was full of

action, first being attached to the expedition to the Sound in 1658, under Sir Edward Montague, and afterward as secretary on board the flag-ship which brought back the fugitive Charles II. He lived during the great plague and the fire of London, and subsequently became secretary of the admiralty. Christ's Hospital reckons him among her benefactors, and the Royal Society among its honored presidents. He died in 1703, leaving behind him more books than money-bags. The London Company of Cloth-workers drink "the memory of Samuel Pepys" out of the splendid cup which he conferred on that company in honor of his father's craft.

We find next, in the histrionic profession, a notability who sprang from the tailoring business, named Richard Ryan, whom first Garrick, and afterward the public, patronized. The department of the drama that he undertook was that subsequently so ably sustained by Charles Kemble.

Woodward was another tailor-actor and contemporary with the fore-named ; and among those who have devoted themselves to literature as well as clothing may be named Paul Whitehead. From taking measures in broadcloth he devoted himself to the Muses, and indulged in poetic measures ; and some of these were very broad and latitudinarian.

Whitehead was an actor of some note and a satirist. He dedicated his effusions to Pope, and subsequently, by his combined powers, carried captive, and married, an idiotic heiress.

Among the worthies was Wheatley, famous for his illustration of the Book of Common Prayer. Dr. Byrom, of short-hand celebrity, was another : he was loved, in his day, for his wit and worth ; and the Chatham Society has recently published his "Diary." It has been well remarked, that although a multitude of men who have made their mark derived their educational advantages from this noble, time-honored institution, yet they were not otherwise indebted for fortune to their tailors.

That tailors can be "wide-awake" when they choose, is evident by the following incident. In 1811 Sir John Throckmorton, a Berkshire baronet, offered to lay a wager of a thousand guineas on the following terms : that at eight o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit, the wool of which formed the fleece on sheep's backs at five o'clock on that same morning. It is no wonder, that, among a class of persons accustomed to betting, such a wager should eagerly be accepted, seeing that the achievement of the challenged result appeared all but impossible. The person intrusted with the work was Mr. Coxetter of Newbury. At five o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June, he caused two South-Down sheep to be shorn. The wool was washed, carded, stubbed, roven, spun, and woven ; the cloth was scoured, fullled, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed ; the tailor was at hand, and made up the finished cloth into garments ; and, at a quarter-past six in the evening, the baronet sat

down to dinner at the head of his guests in a complete suit that had been thus made, winning the wager, with an hour and three-quarters to spare.

We say of an absent-minded person, that his head is "wool-gathering:" has this any reference to the workers in woollen goods? As wool is derived from sheep, possibly they become sheepish by the contact; although the foregoing incident does not so indicate. After the peace of 1815, two eminent London tailors, having an eye to business, took a trip to Paris, to pick up the latest fashions. They travelled *incognito*, and, on arriving at their hotel, ordered breakfast. The waiter promptly replied, "*Certainement, messieurs, tout à l'heure,*" upon which, looking at each other, they exclaimed, "'Two tailors!' then, we are discovered already!"

One of the best tailor-jokes was perpetrated by O'Connell, when he was addressing an anti-corn-law meeting in Covent-Garden Theatre. An individual would persist in standing up in the pit, notwithstanding loud and repeated appeals, calling upon him to take his seat. The fellow was obstinate, and would stand, in spite of all persuasion and remonstrance. At last O'Connell waved his hand for silence, and then, speaking to the police, said, —

"Pray, let the worthy gentleman have his way. *He is a tailor, and wants to rest himself.*"

This was a settler; and down the worthy gentleman did sit, amid tumultuous applause.

There are yet a few more illustrious names to be

added to our category. The first we would refer to is that of Henry Wild, the "Learned Tailor of Norwich" (England); or, as he was sometimes styled, "the Arabian tailor." He lived from A.D. 1684 to 1720. This remarkable genius and self-taught Orientalist worked at the clothing business some fourteen years, when a fever is said to have banished him from the board; and controversial divinity, with which he amused his convalescence, led him to the study of the Hebrew. Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, partly at his own expense, and partly by subscription, sent him to Oxford, where he enjoyed the privileges of the Bodleian Library, and where he was employed for a considerable time in translating Oriental manuscripts.

There were too many illustrious scholars who had shed glory upon the school of the "worshipful company of clothiers and merchant-tailors," for us to enumerate in detail: we shall instance but a few. Jackson the painter was one; and the celebrated Bishops Andrews and South; also Calamy and Shirley, who both are said to have died on the same day, from fright occasioned by the great fire of London.

Then, there was Wells, the nonconformist; and — sad blot on the tailors' escutcheon — Titus Oates, who was also a very decided nonconformist, alike to law, morality, and religion. Bishop Mews of Winchester was among the number of remarkable men, as his death was remarkable. Being subject to fainting-fits, from which he used to recover by smelling hartshorn, on one occasion, when in company with a friend, he

was seized with one of these fits. He was speechless, but he pointed to the bottle of hartshorn on his table. The friend seized the bottle, and, opening the prelate's mouth, poured the whole of the contents down his throat, by which the bishop was suffocated.

After all that we have adduced in vindication of the craft, against the aspersions and detractions that have been cast upon it, ought we not to claim for our friend the tailor, the qualities of nine ordinary men combined in one? Is he not an economist, cutting his coat according to his cloth? as a gardener, careful of his cabbage? As a sailor, he *sheers* off wherever it is proper; as an actor, he often brandishes a "bare *bodkin*;" and, as a lawyer, he attends many *suits*. As a cook, he is usually furnished with a hot goose; and, as a sheriff's officer, he does much at sponging. Like some good wives, he is careful to give husbands, when needful, a good trimming; and, as a moralist, his aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others. Nor are tailors wanting in wit and enterprise, as we all know by the records of the past, as well as the proofs of the present. For business enterprise it is needless to speak; for expertness, we offer an illustrative anecdote told of the late Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister of London: In the winter-time, he observed a poor curate frequently passing his window without an overcoat; and, pitying his condition, he went to his tailor, and asked him if he could make a coat to fit a person without measuring him for it. The man of cloth thought he could. Ac-

cordingly, the next day, when the curate was seen approaching, Mr. Alexander hurried out to the tailor ; and the two walked some little distance behind the unsuspecting clergyman.

“ Now, take a good look : make sure of your measure. Are you satisfied ? ” said Mr. Alexander.

“ Yes,” was the reply.

“ Then, make that poor fellow a good coat, of good cloth, at once,” continued the kind-hearted Presbyterian : “ ascertain his address, and send it to him. But, mind you, if you give him the slightest inkling that I sent it, you shall never do for me another stitch.”

So the two parted ; and the benefactor had the satisfaction, on the next sabbath, of seeing the curate go by his house snugly enveloped in the new overcoat, which was an excellent fit.

The tailor is, indeed, from his imperturbable patience, a moralist of the most exemplary order ; while his ingenuity is no less conspicuous in the facility with which he contrives to adjust the complications of coat, vest, and continuations, in all the protean shapes and styles that the imperious decrees of fashion may dictate. Sometimes, it is to be conceded, your tailor is somewhat obstinately fixed in opinion as to the accuracy of a fit, in direct conflict with your own conviction. A case of the kind once occurred with a votary of fashion in London, who, when all persuasion of his tailor failed to convince him, and he was asked what *was* the fault with his nether garments, replied that they reminded him of two well-known towns in France,

Toulouse and Toulon. But possibly the last-named of these objections may be charged against the present paper, and so we respectfully take our leave of the honorable company of clothiers.

GENIUS IN JAIL.

THE prison, which "the prince of punsters" designates, "strong room for improvement," has ever been suggestive of crime and criminals; yet, strange as it may appear, prisons are at once a proof and a necessity of civilization.

They may, indeed, be considered a concomitant of civilized life, as doctors are said to be the final cause of disease, and lawyers of disputations and discords. Prison-records are dark spots on the scroll of history: they reveal the hideous deformities of crime, its moral infection, and its degrading influence upon human nature. The fate of the captured culprit is necessarily a terrible one; for the term prison is a synonyme for privation and suffering, as well as degradation and dishonor. To be shut out from the light of day, and deprived of all the inspiring and healthful influences and immunities of social life, one might suppose were infliction enough; but the discipline of the dungeon usually superadds yet a further combination of horrors. The prison taint is on every thing there, — the air, the light, the damps; and the imprisoned victims become deteriorated by confinement. Dickens has given us a graphic picture of a prison interior, thus: "As the captive men were faded and haggard, so the iron was

rusty, and the stone was slimy, the wood was rotten, and the light was dim. Like a tomb, the prison had no knowledge of the brightness outside." But we are now to speak of the hapless fate of learned prisoners. There seems to have been, at least in former times, an unfortunate affinity between penmen and prisons. Not to mention the many noble names among the nonconformists, who for conscience' sake suffered long and cruel incarceration within the grim walls of the prison, there were others, — men of erudition, gentle students, and authors whose productions brought them more credit than cash, — who also endured like penalty for their devotion to science or human liberty. Prisons even have thus sometimes been glorified by the halo of genius. How many a noble spirit, in defence of truth and right, has solaced his weary, imprisoned hours with his pen, and bequeathed to the unheeding world the wise results of his studious toil ! How many a hapless bard has beguiled the tedium of his lonely hours, in the dreary cells of a jail, by the sweet magic of his muse ! Well may Willmott assure us that "Poetry is its own reward, — a consoler in life, soothing afflictions, crowning poverty, rocking asleep our sorrows, and refining our pleasures. Lord Bacon explained the old superstition that a rainbow draws the perfume from the ground over which it hangs, by supposing it to absorb the bloom of flowers. That dream of science is the reality of song."

What imperishable interest clusters about the storied

walls of the Tower of London, so rife with indications of heroic sufferings endured by some of the noblest of England's worthies !

Among the host of noble names connected with the Tower of London, we can refer to a few only, such as John Selden, the well-known author of the "Table Talk," and numerous works in jurisprudence ; those three worthy bishops, Jeremy Taylor, Joseph Hall, and Francis Atterbury ; the gossipy Samuel Pepys and Sir Robert Walpole ; with John Horne Tooke, author of the "Diversions of Purley ;" and the hapless Algernon Sidney. These, with others that might be named, form a bright constellation of intellectual and moral glory, that illumines the gloom, even of that grim and darkly stained historic old fortress.

How have some heroic characters enriched our literature by the prison pastime of their pen ! It has been well said, that those who have labored most zealously to instruct mankind have been among those who have suffered most from the intolerance of ignorance ; while the discoverers of new arts and sciences have seldom lived to see them accepted by the world. As an illustrative instance, Cornelius Agrippa was compelled to fly his country and the enjoyment of a large income, merely for having displayed a few philosophical instruments, which now every schoolboy can use. Whether sequestration from society and spare diet have any beneficial effect upon intellectual studies or not, it is evident that they are not always unpropitious to their influence in that direction. The artist and

student well know that the mind undisturbed by outward circumstances can exert a concentrated power much more effectively than under opposite conditions. In this view, even the prison seclusion may be said to have been not seldom the nursery of some of the noblest works of genius the world has ever seen.

Not to go back to the earliest illustrations of our subject, not to speak of the inspired bards, prophets, and seers of biblical history, — for instance, that saintly triad, Joseph, Jeremiah, and John, — we read of Socrates among others of his time who solaced their solitary hours with literary pursuits. Did not the sage of Athens amuse himself by rendering into rhyme the “Fables of Æsop”? And did not Longinus, under somewhat similar circumstances, compose his immortal treatise on “The Sublime”? Was it not in prison that Boethius compiled his celebrated work, “Consolations of Philosophy,” which he first compiled in Dutch verse, and subsequently translated into Latin prose? It was this work, moreover, that Alfred the Great, four centuries later, translated into Anglo-Saxon. Hugo Grotius discovered his genius and fortitude by the manner in which he employed his hours of imprisonment, a part of which he devoted to moral philosophy, and another portion to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, his only relaxation being a change of study. Galileo, it is well known, when he was old and poor, was incarcerated in a dungeon of Rome, where Milton visited him. We are told that the manuscripts of the astronomer, after his death, were

confided by his widow to her confessor, who destroyed such of them as, in his judgment, were not fit to be known to the world. Roger Bacon, the friar and prolific author and discoverer, was on two occasions imprisoned, once for a period of ten years, on the common charge of heresy and magic. Yet he, too, like Galileo, had the noble audacity to disturb the contented ignorance of his contemporaries with ideas of discoveries that were to be realized long after his death. Nor can we forget that the hapless Mary Queen of Scots, when in confinement, penned these plaintive lines just before her tragic end : —

“O Domine Deus ! Speravi in Te !” etc.,

which have been thus rendered into our vernacular :—

“O my God and my Lord, I have trusted in Thee !
O Jesus, my Saviour, now liberate me !
In my enemy’s power, in affliction’s sad hour,
I languish for thee.
In sorrowing, weeping, and bending the knee,
I adore, and implore Thee to liberate me !”

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his “Paraphrases of the Psalms of David.” An Augustinian monk, named Father Thomas, who was imprisoned by the Moors in Africa, wrote, during his captivity, “A Treatise on the Sufferings of Christ,” in the Portuguese. Southwell, a Romanist, living in the middle of the sixteenth century, was not only imprisoned, but suffered death—a victim to the intolerance of the times. His life was short, and full

of sorrow ; and the tone of his poetry is that of religious resignation under affliction. His longest pieces were "St. Peter's Complaint," and "Mary Magdalene's Funereal Tears ;" while his minor poems, written in prison, are not without merit. Witness the following : —

"Where words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforcèd wrong,
And, silent, sees what speech could not amend."

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Nor endless night, nor yet eternal day ;
The saddest birds a season find to sing ;
The roughest storm, a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

There was another scholarly victim of those terrible times, — Tichborne, who was confined in the Tower, and wrote, on the night before he suffered, the following touching and beautiful lines : —

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain :
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun ;
And now I live, and now my life is done !"

While a prisoner, that chivalrous and courtly gallant, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, wrote some of the sweetest of his songs and sonnets — among the latter his charming apostrophe to Spring, so deservedly admired.

George Wither, a voluminous writer of verse, composed some of his happiest strains in prison ; and they do not yet *wither* ; their freshness is perennial.

Lovelace, the elegant courtier and cavalier (who sacrificed alike his fortune and his liberty for his sovereign), while in captivity wrote those celebrated lines, "To Althea, from Prison," ending with this noble stanza : —

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty !"

It was also when in prison that he penned those dainty lines to the lady of his love, whom he familiarly called *Lux Casta* (chaste light). The poem ends with this fine couplet : —

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

Lydiat, a learned historian, who was confined in the King's Bench Prison for the purpose of lessening his loyalty to Charles I., amused himself while there by writing his "Annotations on the Persian Chronicle," which was first published by Prideaux. This was that learned scholar whom Johnson alludes to, — an allusion not known to Boswell and others. Sir William Davenant, who for the like cause was imprisoned at Cowes,

Isle of Wight, while there wrote some poems and plays.

Another poetic captive of the Tower was Harrington, who was imprisoned by Queen Mary for holding correspondence with Elizabeth ; who subsequently, on her accession to the throne, rewarded him with many favors. His love-lyrics, some of which were written during his confinement, evince great delicacy and taste, as will be seen in the following stanza :—

“ Whence comes my love ? O heart ! disclose :
It was from cheeks that shame the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby’s praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond’s blaze.
Whence comes my woe ? As freely own :
Ah, me ! ’twas from a heart like stone ! ”

Even the great Lord Bacon, — “ the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,” — like Wolsey, may almost be said to belong to our category.

Dekker, the dramatist, and friend of Ben Jonson, was for some time an inmate of a prison, and, like too many of his class, on account of debt. Some of his plays were written within the walls of the unenviable enclosure. Sir Walter Raleigh’s “ History of the World ” was, as is well known, the product of his toil during his imprisonment ; although, as we learn from Disraeli, he was in parts assisted by others.¹ Well has it been said, —

¹ Sir Walter Raleigh’s unfinished History of the World, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his sublime eloquence, was the fruit of eleven years’ imprisonment. It was written for the use of

“ His mind

Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison hours enriched the world.”

Pre-eminent as a statesman, student, and navigator, he may also be said to have contributed to the formation and improvement of our literature. Every thing about him was splendid and heroic: nothing was too lofty for his ambition, nor too humble for his genius. His life has been called a progressive glory. As a poet, he also claims our admiration: for example, take his fine poem, commencing, —

“ Passions are likened best to floods and streams,—
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when afflictions yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.”

Raleigh's vigorous verse has an almost Shakespearian quaintness and condensation: witness his “Soul's Errand,” “Pilgrimage,” and the well-known lines written the evening preceding his execution: —

“ E'en such is time; which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have;
And pays us naught but age and dust,
Which, in the dark and silent grave,

Prince Henry, as he and Dallington, who also wrote Aphorisms for the prince, have told us: the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Raleigh it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, they were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amid naval and military enterprises, had surpassed in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity which, at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as the History of the World. He was, however, assisted in the great work by the learning of several eminent persons, — a circumstance which has not been noticed.

When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

"Fleta," a well-known law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet for debt; the name of the place, though not that of the author, has thus been preserved; and another work, "Fleta Minor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in Knowing the Bodies of Metals," etc., by Sir John Loftus, 1683, who gave it this title from the circumstance of his having translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison.

Another worthy, who spent several years in the Fleet Prison, was Sir Richard Baker, the author of "A Chronicle of the Kings of England," a work, although not faultless, yet so complete and thorough, that it has been fitly said, "If all other of our English chronicles were lost, this would be sufficient to inform posterity of all facts essentially needful to be known." Then, we might mention Howell, the author of the "Familiar Letters," of which some portions were written in the same jail. These letters are considered to be the earliest specimens of epistolary literature in our language. Rushworth, who compiled and published the valuable "Historical Collections of Parliamentary Proceedings, from 1618 to 1629," in eight folio volumes, was also a prisoner for a period of six years. Charles the First is believed to have written that notable book, "Eikon Basilike" ("The Royal Image"), in prison.

The history of Aldrovandus is a noble and pathetic one ; he having expended a large fortune in forming his collections of Natural History, yet he was suffered to die in the hospital of that city — Bologna — to whose fame he had so contributed.

Ockley, an Oriental scholar, after having devoted his life to Asiatic researches, then very uncommon, had the mortification of dating his Preface to his great work on the Saracens, from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt. And yet, amidst all his privations, note his brave words written within prison-bars : “ I have enjoyed more true liberty, more happy leisure, and more solid repose, in six months *here*, than in thrice the same number of years before. . . . I did always, in my judgment, give the possession of *wisdom* the preference to that of *riches* ! ”

Were we to enumerate the names of all the great army of martyrs to liberty, we should need the compass of volumes : let two representative names, dear to every American, if not to the world, suffice. We refer to those of William Penn and Roger Williams, both founders of States in our Republic, both friends and defenders of civil and religious liberty, and both seeking an asylum on these Western shores.

During his imprisonment in the Tower, for conscience' sake, Penn wrote four treatises, the most popular of which was, “ No Cross, No Crown.” Perhaps the most noteworthy of prison-writers of the eventful seventeenth century was “ honest John Bunyan,” who doubtless spent the most profitable — to the world, if not

the most pleasant to himself — twelve years of his life in Bedford Jail. He wrote the first part of his "Pilgrim's Progress" while there, a fact that ought to make us prize all the more this immortal production. This incomparable allegory has been more frequently reprinted, and translated into a greater number of languages, than any other book, it is believed, except the Bible. When the Quaker came to visit him, and declared that the Lord had ordered him to search for Bunyan in half the prisons of England, he replied, "If the Lord had sent you, you need not have taken so much trouble to find me ; for the Lord knows that I have been a prisoner in Bedford Jail for the last twelve years !"

It is a singular coincidence, that the authors of two of the most extensively read books ever written, perhaps, should have been, not only contemporaries, and of the same nationality, but both imprisoned in the same country. Each is also best known by a single book, descriptive of adventures : but here the parallel ends ; for one relates to this world, and the other to "that which is to come." One of the authors was a preacher, the other a politician, yet both men of undoubted genius. Strictly speaking, however, the "Robinson Crusoe" of De Foe was not written while he was imprisoned ; although some other works of his prolific pen were undoubtedly born of his captivity. It has been said that he possessed the rare art of "forging the handwriting of nature," such was the verisimilitude of his descriptive writing.

De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his "Review," a periodical paper, which extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and, it has been supposed, served as a model for the celebrated papers of Steele. There he also composed his "Jure Divino."

Wicquefort's curious work on ambassadors is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for State affairs. He softened the rigor of those heavy hours by several historical works.

One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar, of the name of Maggi. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and particularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defended Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken, in 1571, they pillaged his library, and carried him away in chains. Now a slave, after his daily labors, he amused a great part of his nights by literary compositions. "De Tintinnabulis" ("On Bells"), a treatise still read by the curious, was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the erudition of his own memory, and the genius of which adversity could not deprive him.

Sydenham, who made an excellent translation of the works of Plato, died while in prison for debt, — a circumstance that originated the "Literary Fund" Association of London, for the relief of poor authors. That most poetic of English poets, Spenser, the im-

mortal author of "The Faerie Queene," might almost be reckoned among our class of literary captives, since poverty and privation were his portion.

Castell was another instance of self-sacrificing devotion to study; for he spent the greater part of his life in compiling his "Lexicon Heptaglotton," on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than twelve thousand pounds (sixty thousand dollars). At length the work was printed, and the colossal volumes remained *unsold* on his hands. He thus writes in his Preface: "As for myself, I have been unceasingly occupied for such a number of years in this mass, that that day seemed, as it were, a holiday, in which I have not labored so much as sixteen or eighteen hours in these engaging lexicons and polyglot Bibles."

"Poor Goldsmith," as that kingly scribe is sometimes called, was not only a denizen of the purlieu of "Grub Street," but was on one occasion in imminent danger of a compulsory marriage or a jail, if, indeed, he always escaped it. The strange dilemma in which he was found, — in debt to his irate landlady, — and his rescue by Dr. Johnson's negotiating for the publication of his "Vicar of Wakefield," are, of course, familiar to the reader.

Cobbett, the political writer of England, who is said to have "made the whole round of politics, from ultra Toryism to ultra Radicalism, and praised and abused nearly every public man and measure for thirty years," was no stranger to the interior of a prison. And

Cooper, the chartist of England, was another instance of mind triumphing over captivity. His "Prison Rhymes," which Croly describes as a wonderful effort of intellectual power, prove that he belonged to the illustrious roll of men who have, by the resources of their genius, converted a prison into a palace.

Montgomery was another fine illustration in point. For the cause of civil liberty, he endured captivity in York Castle ; and, to relieve the tedium of his loneliness, he composed some of his finest lyrics and hymns. One of his songs, to a robin visiting his prison-window, thus begins : —

"Welcome, cheery little stranger ! Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger, hop about, and chirp, and eat.
Robin, how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty !"

He wrote another lyric, not less touching in its pathos, to a captive nightingale : —

"Nocturnal silence reigning, a nightingale began
In his cold cage complaining of cruel-hearted man :
His drooping pinions shivered, like withered moss so dry ;
His heart with anguish quivered, and sorrow dimmed his eye."

The editorial fraternity, like Montgomery, have had their share in the pains and penalties of daring to plead for liberty of speech. Theodore Hook, the novelist, when editor of the "John Bull," was imprisoned for about twenty years ; although it was occasioned partly by libel, and partly by his extravagance. He was like another clever wit and humorist — Dr. Maginn — of Dublin, who, in spite of his singular lite-

rary abilities, contrived, by his intemperance and excesses, more than once to become the inmate of a jail. But we must not forget that that genial essayist, Leigh Hunt, was at one time imprisoned for his satirical libel upon the "Prince Regent," — afterward George IV. The poet's captivity, which lasted two years, was, however, not without its bright side ; for not only did he share the public sympathy, but his solitude was relieved by the frequent visits of his friends, among whom were Byron and Moore. With all a poet's taste and feeling, he made the best of adverse circumstances by decorating his rooms in the King's Bench with all sorts of picturesque devices and ornaments, including busts and books, pictures and flowers. When Charles Lamb once called upon him, he is reported to have said that there was no other such room, except in a fairy-tale.

Leaving the eminent prison-captives of England, we find many such instances elsewhere on the Continent of Europe. To begin with, the Bastille, for example, where, in 1686, a few years prior to the imprisonment of Madame Guyon, there were in captivity one hundred and forty-seven persons, almost all of them Huguenots, who were held as heretics, esteeming their liberty even less than their religion. Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Bastille four years. During her dreary captivity she composed many of her beautiful hymns, which Cowper has translated into our English verse. It was while in the Bastille that Voltaire sketched and composed, for the most part, his "*Henriade*," a

tribute to Henry IV. There was a royal poet of France — Charles, Duke of Orleans — who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and held in captivity in England for twenty-five years. During this long imprisonment, he consoled himself by the pleasures of poetry. Living in the time of the Troubadours, when love was the inspiring theme of the muse, he wrote some of the sweetest of French love-lyrics extant.

Another, but quite a different, character, was Marot, court-poet of Francis I. He was captured at the battle of Pavia ; and again, on his return to Paris, was imprisoned on a suspicion of his espousing Calvinism. During his captivity he wrote his version of the “ Romance of the Rose,” and some portion of his translation of David’s Psalms. Béranger, the most original and admired of the lyric poets of France, was, in 1821, imprisoned for several months, for the active part he took in the revolutionary movements of that time.

Others might be named who have shed lustre upon the literature of France, and who, during her terrible Revolution, were made captives, such as Condorcet, Chénier, etc.

Louis Napoleon, before he became emperor, was, it is well known, imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, where he remained until 1846, when, in the dress of a workman, he escaped to England. We ought not to omit the name of Baron Trenck, who attended Frederick II. as aide-de-camp, but, being suspected of traitorous correspondence with Austrian officials, was

placed in the fortress of Glatz. His escape therefrom, and subsequent adventures, — so wild and romantic as almost to challenge belief, — are familiar to most readers. In his captivity at Magdeburg, where he suffered a rigorous imprisonment of ten years in a subterranean dungeon, he solaced his sad hours with his muse, and with writing the story of his eventful life, which book has been translated into almost all European languages.

Louis XII., when Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the Tower of Bourges, applying himself to his studies, which he had previously neglected. Cardinal Polignac wrote, during his expatriation, his “Refutation to the Scepticism of Bayle’s Dictionary.” And another of the house of cardinals — De Retz, who had a taste of prison-life himself — has informed us that the happiest man he ever saw was a fellow shut up in a prison in Holland. He did nothing but laugh at his fellow-prisoners, and occasionally through the bars of his cell at the gazing passer-by. This singular character is said to have employed his graver moments in writing the memoirs of his jailer !

Silvio Pellico, who was imprisoned ten years in the fortress of Spielberg on account of his revolutionary opinions, wrote the well-known story of his prison-life and the “Francesca da Rimini.” When in Milan, he was the friend and associate of Madame de Staël, Byron, Schlegel, and other literary celebrities.

That illustrious bard of Italy, Tasso, belongs to our category. His early life — full of promise — already

had won for him the friendship of Charles IX., and that of the distinguished men of the time. After visiting the various cities of Italy, he returned to Ferrara, and occupied himself upon his great epic, "Jerusalem Delivered;" but soon after its completion, probably from the joint effects of his overworking his brain, and a fever which he contracted in Venice, his mind became disturbed, and the poet was confined in an asylum. In this dreary abode, surrounded by the most appalling sights and sounds of human misery, he was imprisoned more than seven years, notwithstanding the repeated and urgent intercessions of many of the most eminent persons in Italy for his liberation. During this sad portion of his life he was visited by his numerous friends, who sought to mitigate his sufferings by their spontaneous and heartfelt tributes to his genius. Nor was his pen idle, even under these unpropitious circumstances. This cruel incarceration, inflicted at the instance of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, has never been explained, and has left an indelible blot upon his escutcheon.

Ponce de Leon, foremost among the sacred poets of Spain, was thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition for having translated into Spanish the "Song of Solomon," at a time when all translations of the Bible were prohibited. Another Spanish bard, Alonso de Ercilla, was doomed to a dreary imprisonment, during which time he composed his most popular poem, "Araucana," a chivalric legend of Castile. Who does not recall the strange story of Cervantes, the im-

mortal author of "Don Quixote," who was captured by an Algerine squadron, and held in captivity for five years? The record of his terrible hardships and sufferings displays the courage and magnanimity of Cervantes in an eminent degree. On his subsequent escape and return to Spain, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and he was again imprisoned. During this confinement it was that he devised and commenced his great work, "Don Quixote."

Lope de Vega Carpio, the most precocious as well as voluminous of poets, was another instance; for he is said to have written nearly eighteen hundred plays and poems. And, to conclude the list, Camoens, the glory of Portugal, who got into trouble — that is, expatriation — by satirizing the Portuguese Government in India, while in "durance vile" in a grotto overlooking the sea, wrote the greater part of his "Lusiad." His checkered career was closed in a hospital at Lisbon, in utter destitution. Yet the "Lusiad" has been translated into most of the languages of modern Europe. Who can con over the foregoing catalogue of literary captives without a feeling of pity and sympathy for their privations and sufferings, as well as veneration for their high intellectual endowments? Carlyle, in his admirable tribute to men of genius, justly says, "Among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind. It is they who keep awake the finer parts of our souls, and give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of mammon in this earth."

Pity that from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little !”

It will thus be seen, that not seldom does the child of genius, in spite of adverse circumstances, create his own happiness. Thus, love of learning and literature is its own reward. Thus, too, the votaries of the muse, “who learn in suffering what they teach in song,” illustrate some of the great, heroic triumphs of mind over matter. To the lover of learning, indeed, the stormy day is often better for the development of his genius than the calm and sunshine. Has not the prison-gate, then, not unfrequently proved the porch of fame? and the prison itself, if not the birthplace, yet the home, of genius?

THE MARVELS OF MEMORY.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain :
Awake but one, — and lo ! what myriads rise !
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

POPE.

MEMORY is a profound mystery : its ways of working are past finding out. By some writers it has been designated "the warder of the brain ;" by others, "the great magician of life," holding a mirror in which the scenes and events of the past are ever and anon reflected to our gaze. Memory has also been compared to a golden thread connecting the several stages of our existence. It may be said to resemble a cabinet in which is unlocked to our consciousness the checkered story of our lives.

"A pen to register, a key that winds through secret wards,
Are well assigned to Memory by allegoric bards."

The ancients styled memory "the mother of the Muses." What higher eulogium could be pronounced upon the wondrous endowment? How indispensable is it to our daily needs ! What could we do without the faculty? How could we conduct business, or fulfil the various obligations of life? What would become of our literature and history, our books and newspapers,

our knowledge, our mental and moral culture, and, indeed, of our own personal identity, without memory?

If hope may be styled the *ignis fatuus* of youth, memory might be called the staff of age. Memory, indeed, may be said almost to re-animate the buried past, and by thus treasuring up the facts, forms, and faces that have existed among us, to lend to hope her iris hues with which to deck and irradiate the future. To the physical sight, the distant and the past become dim and indistinct; while to the mental eye they are all the more palpable and plain. Thus, memory may be said to confer the immunity of a rejuvenescence — a new apocalypse of youth. The body may decay, but the spirit knows no senility: it is indestructible. Memory, therefore, is immortal; and hence it has been inferred that her tablets will be the books to be opened at the Judgment. Coleridge and De Quincey entertained this idea. The latter says, "The dread book of account, of which the Scriptures speak, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured: that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present circumstances and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains."

Moral accountability is deduced from memory in a future state.

"Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor the offence:

'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance — what he was before."

Byron's lines on the pains of unwelcome memories are impressive : —

"Ever and anon of griefs subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting, —
Scarce seen but with fresh bitterness imbued :
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever ; — it may be a sound, —
A tone of music, — summer's eve, — or spring ;
A flower, — the wind, — the ocean, — which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound ;
And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind ;
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned, —
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold, — the changed, — perchance the dead, anew
The mourned, the loved, the lost, — too many ! yet too few !"

There is no mental faculty so inexplicable as memory. Impressions made upon its mystic tablets, which at one time appear to have become obliterated, at another suddenly spring to light, as if by the wand of a magician, without any effort of our own. It is said that pleasant memories are more easily retained than those of an opposite character ; which is a boon of no insignificant value, since we thus are enabled to live over again, in some degree, our past pleasures. We

may remember unwelcome things, but we recollect the pleasant ones. We may see this distinction in the fact that we can sometimes remember a friend whose person we have forgotten, but we cannot have forgotten the appearance of one whom we recollect. The impressions of joy and gayety rest on the mind, while those which are felt in the first moments of some great calamity are so blunted by its stunning effects that they cannot be accurately recalled. Indeed, it frequently happens that the memory loses every trace of a sudden misfortune, while it retains all the events which preceded it. It is a great boon that we possess with this faculty, that it not only stores up for our subsequent entertainment the bright scenes of the past, but it cherishes with wonderful fidelity that most pleasurable period of our existence, when "care sat lightly on the brow," and almost perpetual sunshine illumined our pathway.

Of all memories, the memory of an impressive and eloquent eye has been thought to be the most imperishable; for it is through that "window of the soul" we catch a glimpse of spiritual intelligence more expressive than any human utterance.

Coleridge calls memory "the bosom-spring of joy," and such it is when without blot or contamination. Rogers thus apostrophizes the mystic endowment:—

"Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine.
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway.

.

Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone, —
The only pleasure we can call our own."

An able analysis of the faculty is given by a recent London writer, which we here present :—

"The mystery of memory lies in the apparent immediateness of the mind's contact with the vanished past. In 'looking back' on our life, we seem to ourselves for the moment to rise above the limitations of time, to undo its work of extinction, seizing again the realities which its onrushing stream had borne far from us. Memory is a kind of resurrection of the buried past ; as we fix our retrospective glance on it, it appears to start anew into life ; forms arise within our minds, which, we feel, faithfully represent the things that were. We do not ask for any proof of the fidelity of this dramatic representation of our past history by memory. It is seen to be a faithful imitation, just because it is felt to be a revival of the past. To seek to make the immediate testimony of memory more sure seems absurd ; since all our ways of describing and illustrating this mental operation assume, that, in the very act of performing it, we do recover a part of our seemingly 'dead selves.' To challenge the veracity of a person's memory is one of the boldest things one can do in the way of attacking deep-seated conviction. Memory is the peculiar domain of the individual. In going back in recollection to the scenes of other years, he is drawing on the secret storehouse of his own consciousness, with which a stranger must not intermeddle. Philosophers commonly distinguish memory as mediate

knowledge of something absent, from perception as immediate knowledge of something present. Yet people are wont to feel just as certain of the one as of the other. Indeed, it may almost be said that a man more easily brooks a critical investigation of an act of perception than of an act of recollection. Perception has to do with our common objective world, and we allow others to have their say about the impressions it produces. Most people are willing, to some extent, to regulate and correct their individual perceptions of external objects by others' perceptions. And hardly anybody is so obstinate as to refuse to re-inspect an object in deference to an assurance by others that what he thinks he has seen differs from the reality. But, with respect to matters of recollection, people are apt to be much more dogmatic. To cast doubt on a man's memory is commonly resented as a rude impertinence. It looks like an attempt of another to walk into the strictly private apartment of his own mind. Even if the challenger professedly bases his challenge on the testimony of his own memory, the challenged party is hardly likely to allow the right of comparing testimonies. He can in most cases boldly assert that those who differ from him are lacking in his power of recollection. The past, in becoming the past, has for most people ceased to be a common object of reference: it has become a part of the individual's own inner self, and cannot be easily dislodged or shaken."¹

¹ Cornhill Magazine.

A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" states his belief that "all minds have a sort of lumber-room, wherein are stored past events of life, fragments of knowledge, facts and experience. This is a somewhat chaotic repository from which to recall events and things of the past, hence the too frequent failure to invoke them at will. . . . There are memories that seem self-acting instruments, stimulated neither by feeling nor intellect,—involuntary. It is this view of memory, as something arbitrary, that makes it easy for people to accuse themselves of the want of it." It has been well remarked, that to complain of a defective memory is unreasonable. "The truth is (idiots and the insane excepted), the memory of one individual differs from that of another in direction rather than in degree."

"Let a person become thoroughly interested in any subject, and he will readily garner its most minute details into the storehouse of his mind, where he can lay hold upon them at a moment's warning, however much he may forget other matters. There have been those who seemed blessed with marvellous power of memory, but none of them possessed a mind sufficiently comprehensive to embrace an infinite variety of subjects. Indeed, they have almost always excelled—mnemonically—in the direct line of their avocation, thus illustrating the correctness of the view above taken."

Giving an account of his early days, Sir Walter Scott says, "Spenser I could have read forever; and, as I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my

memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous." Our memories seem often to be controlled by our tastes and affinities. One person has a fondness for natural history or botany, and his memory, like Cuvier's, is stored with the names and attributes of animals, or, like Candolle's, with the varieties and qualities of the botanical kingdom; others, like Macaulay, can remember faces, or, like Cyrus, names; a third has a tendency for languages, like Mezzofanti. There are some things everybody remembers. A creditor is in no danger of forgetting his debtor, and few persons are apt to forget an insult or an injury. Memory depends upon the insight. If that quality be strong and penetrative, then the mind will possess a corresponding degree of retentiveness. Moore, the poet, on a certain occasion, wrote a poem, which he carried about in his memory for several days before copying it. He occasionally made a mental introspection, to see if the verses were still retained.

Sydney Smith mentions a curious instance of obliousness, or absent-mindedness. One day Lord Dudley met him in the street, and invited him to meet — *himself*. "Dine with me to-day, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." Smith admitted the force of the inducement, but said he was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Lessing, the German writer, once forgot his own name when a servant asked for it; and the celebrated John Hunter, when in the house of a friend, totally forgot where he was — in whose house, in what

room, and in what street, and where he lived himself. Being conscious of his obliviousness, he tried to restore his recollection by looking out of the window ; but it was to no purpose : he had to wait some time before his capricious memory returned to him. Some persons have been afflicted with so defective a memory as to forget themselves altogether in their solicitude about others, but this difficulty has never been known to affect either misers or spendthrifts.

Where is the seat of memory? it may be asked. But that is a question not so easily answered. Wherever the powers of reception, apprehension, and appreciation exist, there memory must reside. Something analogous to the change, which, chemists inform us, is produced on any surface upon which a ray of light may fall, is the impression upon the memory of any passing emotion, thought, or event. These "registered impressions" are permanent, however unconscious we may be of their presence or their process at the time. Like the sun-pictures of photography, they are "printed impressions." There is one condition, however, that seems to be indispensable to the reception of these impressions ; namely, the attentive faculty. Yet writers have divided memory into two opposite states, passive and active. The former, which is involuntary, we call remembrance : the latter, acted upon by our volition, is recollection. A man without memory, or without susceptibility of impression, which is almost synonymous, may read page after page, and yet know little or nothing of what he has been reading : his eyes hav-

ing passed over the types, but the subject-matter not passing through those portals to the sensorium, no fixed impression could possibly be found there.

Psychologists affirm that every sense has its appropriate "registry" — its separate partition in the great storehouse of memory. As an illustration that the memory will, under certain disturbed conditions, respond only to some associations of the past, while to all others it seems a perfect blank, we quote the case of an inmate of an insane-asylum in England, who, by some means, got possession of a weapon with which he inflicted severe injuries upon all whom he met, until, on running toward a visitor, he was loudly ordered, in a military tone, to "Halt!" He stopped, looked surprised, but obeyed. He was then commanded to "Shoulder arms," and put through the ordinary manual exercise of the drill, until he reached the "Ground arms;" when, having laid his quasi-musket upon the floor, the officer sprang upon him, and, with prompt aid, secured him. This gentleman, being of quick eye and ready self-possession, had at once recognized in the movement of his infuriated assailant something which induced him to think he had been a soldier, and thus to make this experiment upon his habits as such, which resulted so successfully.

"It has been the surprise and wonder of multitudes who are conversant with the facts, but who are utterly unable to account for the phenomena, why vivid impressions should appear to become utterly obliterated, and then suddenly spring to light, as if by the wand

of a magician, without the slightest effort of our own. It is a mystery which no metaphysician has ever been able to explain. We all have experience of this when we have striven in vain to recollect a name, a quotation, or a tune, and find it present itself unbidden, it may be at a considerable interval of time, when the thoughts are engaged on another subject. We all know the uneasy feeling with which we search for the missing article, and the relief when it suddenly flashes across the mind, and when, as if traced by invisible ink, it comes out unexpectedly, bright and clear.”¹

“Sick persons have been known to lose all remembrance of what has happened to them during their sickness, and sometimes, stranger still, of the period immediately preceding their sickness, while easily recalling what went before, and followed after. The brain plays odd tricks with us at times, especially when it has been subjected to a sudden shock ; and scientific men, who think that its various convolutions are the seats of various faculties of the mind, derive some confirmation of their theory from the fact that the power of memory may fail without any failure of general intelligence, and may fail in part without being altogether impaired. A notable instance of this last-mentioned peculiarity occurred a few years ago. A lad in the country was accused of throwing another into a pond, and he was put on his trial before a bench of magistrates. His elder brother, who bore a high character

¹ Harper's Magazine.

in the village, both for conduct and for mental shrewdness, had seen the previous struggle between the lads ; and he was called upon to give evidence. He declared his belief that the fight was perfectly fair throughout, and that the immersion in the pond was an accident. Questioned as to what took place afterward, he could not speak to a single circumstance. 'Did the prisoner attempt to rescue the deceased?' the chairman asked him. He could not say. 'The bench understand that you leaped into the water, and recovered the body.' — 'They tell me so,' he said 'but I have no recollection of it.' — 'The constable has told us that you dived twice, brought out the body, and carried it to the parents' house.' — 'I have not the slightest remembrance. I only know that I was at home in bed at eight o'clock,' — six hours later, — 'and the last thing I could remember was seeing poor Smith fall over the edge.' There could be no doubt that the witness was speaking the truth, and he could have had no object in doing otherwise. The shock which he had received on seeing the fatal result of his brother's quarrel had paralyzed his brain : the memory was interrupted by those few hours, though in all other respects he had acted like a man in the full possession of his senses."¹

The case of the Rev. Mr. Tennant of New Jersey is still more remarkable. He continued in a trance for three days after a long and wasting illness, — a ty-

¹ London Globe.

phus fever : he was, indeed, supposed to be dead, and was only rescued from premature interment by what was thought to be the unreasonable obstinacy of a young medical friend. He revived, however, and passed through a tedious convalescence, in which he was discovered to have relapsed into the absolute ignorance of infancy. He learned his alphabet anew, and went to school, proceeding, like the children, from step to step, until one day, while reading "*Cæsar's Commentaries*," he put his hand to his head, with a strange look, and said to his schoolmaster, "I think I have read this before." From that time he rapidly recovered his intelligence, and soon regained his former condition.

A curious case of defective memory, resulting from paralysis, is recorded by Dr. Graves of Dublin. It was in the instance of a farmer, who, after recovering from the attack so as to be able to walk about, suffered from a painful hesitation of speech, as well as defective memory of words. He could recollect the initial letter of every substantive or proper name for which he had occasion, but that was all he could recall. He had, therefore, to use a pocket-dictionary for the purpose of finding and pronouncing the names of any thing he required. But what was no less remarkable, when he discovered any word he could pronounce, it was only when his eye was fixed upon it : if he averted his eye, his memory failed of the word, except for the initial letter of it.

Sir A. Cooper relates the case of a sailor who was

received into the hospital under a state of stupor from injury in the head. After a long time he partially recovered ; and, when he began to speak, no one understood him, for he spoke Welsh. He had been absent from Wales thirty years. A Welsh woman in the hospital happening to hear him, at once recognized the language. When the patient fully recovered, he forgot his Welsh, and could speak only in English. Dr. Rush had an Italian patient under his care, who came from New Orleans sick of yellow-fever. On his arrival he spoke English, during his treatment of him he spoke French, and the day preceding his death he used his native Italian. Before he came to America, he had lived some time in France, which accounts for his intermediate use of the French during his sickness.

We are told that "Sir Walter Scott, as he grew old, was subject to forgetfulness. One day some one recited in his presence a poem which pleased him much : he asked the author's name. It was a canto from his 'Pirate.' "

From instances of defective memories, let us notice what triumphs the faculty is capable of achieving.

Sir William Hamilton observes, "For intellectual power of the highest order, none were distinguished above Grotius and Pascal : they forgot nothing that they had ever read or thought. Leibnitz and Euler were not less celebrated for their intelligence than for their memory, and both could repeat the whole of the *Æneid*." Ben Jonson tells us that he could repeat

all that he had ever written, and whole books that he had read. Themistocles, it is said, could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Cyrus is reported to have known the name of every soldier in his army.

Mithridates, King of Pontus, had an empire in which, it is said, two and twenty languages were spoken, and that he could converse in them all without the aid of an interpreter. This royal linguist was eclipsed, however, by Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose wonderful memory and intuitive power of acquiring languages made him master of upward of fifty different dialects. When Dr. Tholuck visited the Vatican, he was amazed at the accuracy with which Mezzofanti kept up the dialogue, first in Arabic, then in Persian; while in the College of the Propaganda he could deliver a set speech to students from China. This celebrated linguist was described as a "walking polyglot, a monster of languages, and a Briareus of parts of speech."

Of Dr. Leyden, the Orientalist, many mnemonic feats are recorded: among others, it is mentioned, that, after he had gone to Calcutta, a case occurred demanding reference to an Act of the British Parliament, a copy of which could not be found. Leyden, who before leaving England had had occasion to read over the Act, undertook to supply it from memory; and so accurate was his transcript, that, when a printed copy was obtained from London, it was found identical with what Leyden had dictated. Another celebrated instance was that of Magliabecchi, who

on one occasion having borrowed a valuable manuscript from a friend in France, some time after it had been returned, went to him, pretending that he had lost it by some accident. The author seemed inconsolable for the loss of his work, and entreated Magliabecchi to try to recollect as much as he possibly could, and write it down : this he did without missing a word, as was subsequently proved. Such was his bibliographical knowledge, that he was familiarly styled "a universal index, both of titles and matter." One day the Grand Duke sent for him, after he had become his librarian, to ask him whether he could procure for him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabecchi : "it is impossible, for there is but one in the world ; and that is in the Grand Seignior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the seventh shelf on the right hand as you go in."

One day Voltaire, when a young man, read to La Motte, who had a prodigious memory, a tragedy which he had written. La Motte listened with the greatest possible attention, to the end. "Your tragedy is excellent," said he ; "and I dare answer beforehand for its success. Only one thing vexes me : you have allowed yourself to borrow, as I can prove to you, from the second scene of the fourth act." Voltaire defended himself as well as he could against the charge. "I say nothing," answered La Motte, "which I cannot support ; and, to prove it, I shall recite this same scene, which pleased me so much when I first

read it, that I got it by heart, and not a word of it has escaped me." Accordingly he repeated the whole without hesitation, and with as much animation as if he had composed it himself. All present, at the reading of the piece, looked at each other, and did not know what to think. The author was utterly confounded. After enjoying his embarrassment for some time, "Make yourself easy, sir," said La Motte: "the scene is entirely your own — as much your own as all the rest; but it struck me as so beautiful and touching, that I could not resist the pleasure of committing it to memory."

Instances of extraordinary powers of calculation, entirely from memory, are no less surprising. Wallis, the mathematician, while in the dark, could extract the cube root from a number consisting of thirty figures. It is stated that Buxton could, by some strange mnemotechny of his own, multiply thirty-nine figures by thirty-nine without pen and paper; and Zerah Colburn, even when a boy, it is said, could tell the number of seconds in fifty-eight years in less time than the question could be written. Take another illustration, that of O'Carolan, who, on one occasion, met a celebrated musician, and challenged him to a trial of musical skill. The musician played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi on his violin. When he had finished, O'Carolan, who had never heard it before, took his harp, and played the concerto from beginning to end without missing a single note. Who has not heard of the marvellous feats of memory of Scaliger, who learned

to recite the whole of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* within three weeks? or of Avicenna, who could repeat the *Koran* by heart at the age of ten?

We find instances of the possession of extraordinary powers of memory, both in classic and later times. Seneca, it is said, could repeat two thousand proper names, in the order in which they were recited to him, without mistake. Themistocles has been credited with being able to remember twenty thousand names of Athenians. As instances of the possession of remarkable memories may also be named the following : Dr. Johnson, — who is said never to have forgotten any thing he had seen, heard, or read, — Gibbon, Clarendon, Burke, Tillotson, and Locke were all distinguished for their strength of memory. Niebuhr, the historian, was another illustration of retentive memory. He was employed, in his youth, in one of the public offices of Denmark, when a book of accounts having been destroyed, he restored its contents by an effort of his memory. Buffon, Cuvier, Byron, and Thomas Fuller had great memories. The last named once walked from Temple Bar to the eastern end of Cheapside, in London, and, on his return, repeated the inscriptions on all the shop-signs — then numerous — in their exact order. He could repeat, after twice hearing them, five hundred words correctly.

In Macaulay we have another notable instance of tenacious memory. We cite, in illustration of it, from his memoirs, where he says, "I have at odd moments been studying the 'Peerage.' I ought to be better

informed about the assembly in which I am to sit." He soon could repeat off the book the entire roll of the House of Lords; and a few days afterward comes the entry, "More exercise for my memory—second titles." When he had done with the "Peerage," he turned to the Cambridge, and then to the Oxford, Calendars. "I have now," he says, "the whole of our 'University Fasti' by heart; all, I mean, that is worth remembering. An idle thing; but I wished to try whether my memory is as strong as it used to be, and I perceive no decay."

Lord Macaulay had, also, a wonderful memory of books he had read, so that he could quote passages mentally, without referring to the books themselves. Such was his mental tenacity, that on one occasion, while crossing the Irish Channel, he repeated the whole of "Paradise Lost." Another instance might be added: when he was detained at a coffee-house in Cambridge, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces,—one, "Reflections of an Exile;" and the other, "A Parody on a Welsh Ballad,"—looked them over, and never gave them further thought for forty years, and then repeated them without the change of a single word.

Lipsius is reported to have made this offer to a German prince: "Sit here with a poniard," he said, "and if, in repeating 'Tacitus' from beginning to end, I miss a single word, stab me."

Muretus tells us of a young Corsican, a law-student of Padua, who could, without hesitation, repeat thirty-

six thousand Latin, Greek, or barbarous words, significant or insignificant, upon once hearing them.

Asked by a friend who was reading Thucydides, the meaning of a word, Richard Porson, the eminent Greek scholar and critic of England, repeated the entire passage in which it occurred, and then told what, and what only, it could mean in such a connection. "How do you know that is the passage I was reading?" inquired the gentleman. "The word is found but twice in Thucydides, — once on the right-hand page, again on the left, of the edition you use. I saw on which page you looked, and knew the passage." Very many like anecdotes are narrated of him. But a geometrical demonstration he was with the utmost difficulty able to master.

In 1874 Mozart promised to furnish an original composition to be played by himself and a distinguished violinist before the Emperor Joseph at Vienna. Appearing in the royal presence, he found he had neglected to bring his own part; but, placing a blank sheet of music-paper in front of him, he played his part from memory without a mistake.

We close our citations of instances of the wonderful powers of memory with an extract from one of our leading magazines,¹ because it seems to surpass all others on record.

"There has been writing in India for over twenty-five hundred years, yet the custodians of the Vedic

¹ The Atlantic Monthly.

traditions have never trusted to it. They trust, for the perfect perpetuation and transmission of the sacred books, to disciplined memory. They have manuscripts, they have even a printed text ; but, says Max Müller, 'they do not learn their sacred lore from them. They learn it as their ancestors learned it thousands of years ago, from the lips of a teacher, so that the Vedic succession should never be broken.' For eight years in their youth they are entirely occupied in learning this. 'They learn a few lines every day, repeat them for hours, so that the whole house resounds with the noise ; and thus they strengthen their memory to that degree, that, when their apprenticeship is finished, you can open them like a book, and find any passage you like, any word, any accent.' And Max Müller shows, from rules given in the Vedas themselves, that this oral teaching of them was carried on, exactly as now, at least 500 B.C. Very much the same was it with those rabbinical schools amid which the Talmud gradually grew up. All of that vast literature, exceeding many times in bulk Homer and the Vedas and the Bible altogether, was, at any rate until its later periods, the growth of oral tradition, too, which is the hardest to remember, and yet it was carried down century after century in the memory ; and, long after it had been all committed to writing, the old memorizing continued in the schools."

CONCERNING COBBLERS.

“I pray you make a little room for the cobbler.”

ALL sober-minded and considerate persons will, doubtless, admit that the civilized world is largely indebted to the sons of St. Crispin for improving the *understanding* of society, and placing people generally upon a better *footing*. But for these redoubtable men of leather, to what an exposed condition should we have been subjected, with our pedal extremities unshielded and unshod ! In our pilgrimage through life, to what a severe penance should we have been reduced, had we been compelled to tread its rough and thorny places—Carmelite fashion—all unsandaled and unprotected !

Do you ask what possible connection there can be between leather and literature, between the fabrication of boots and of books ? Let us see. Is there not, at least, a seemingly etymological affinity between even the words themselves ? Both appertain to the human *understanding*, although at opposite poles. Moreover, leather is used to cover our books as well as our boots. Leather may be said to be indispensable to our social economy in a variety of other directions ; but, as applied to the protection of our pedal extremities, its utility none will dispute. Both taste and convenience

disincline us to adopt the bootless fashion of the monks aforesaid. We may, indeed, contrive — some, at least, may — to do without books, but who that would preserve his understanding sound, can afford to go through the world without boots?

But not only have these public benefactors thus achieved signal service for the race: they have also ennobled *themselves*, having in their representative men presented the strongest claims upon our regard, by their eminent scholastic attainments and services in the several departments of human lore. As Coleridge remarks, "They have rendered themselves thus eminent in a greater number of instances than almost any other branch of handicraft." This may not be the popular creed concerning the humble fraternity, but it will be our endeavor to illustrate the fact. Why in the world's great workshop any particular department of labor should be esteemed less honorable than another, especially if it contribute to the general good of mankind, it is difficult to explain.

We honor the good democratic theory, that all labor is honorable and ennobling, and he only is deserving of disesteem who is a non-producing drone in the grand hive of human industries. If the possession of genius and mental culture may be said to glorify character, then the "gentle craft" may, in its representative men, justly claim prominent rank among the instructors and benefactors of mankind.

Whether or not befriended by their sedentary and silent occupation, it is evident that not a few of this

class have combined with their labor in leather some of the most profound of scientific and literary pursuits.

Are we not, therefore, bound to respect leather, since it concerns us from head to foot? and, whatever may be said against it, it certainly commends itself to our *soles*. In seeking to trace back the pedigree of the cobbler, we have been confronted at the very outset by the following very pertinent, yet seemingly paradoxical, query : —

“Did the cobbler spring from Cain? or rather
Was there not a difference vast?
For Cain was the son of the *first* father,
But the cobbler’s the son of the *last* !”

Doubtless the cobbler had a father, first or last ; and *that* established will be sufficient for our purpose at present. Having, as we had hoped, thus cleared our subject of its genealogical embarrassments, we unfortunately found ourselves involved in another entanglement, as to where the limitation line of the *cobbler proper* is to be drawn ; for, judging by the latitudinarian lines that follow, one would hardly know who was *not* a cobbler : —

“From ancient days till time’s last hour,
Your cobblers have been men of power :
Your Alexander, who was he ?
As great a cobbler as could be !

Your Tamerlanes and Ghenghis-Khans,
Your Peters, Pauls, and Suleimans,
And great Napoleons, red with gore,
Were cobblers, cobblers — nothing more.”

According to our satirist, the cobblers, great and small, have committed no little havoc among mankind ; and, truth to say, our friends of the craft have themselves a good deal to answer for. Who has not, at one time or another, suffered from the infliction of tight boots, and the consequent excruciating twinge of a corn? Yet the evil goes on with impunity, and fashion's imperious decrees are professionally held paramount against all remonstrance. If we are under obligations to the fraternity, however, for the shoes we stand in, as well as the incurable corns they sometimes give us to boot, let us not forget that we are also indebted to them for many valuable contributions to science and literature. While we laugh over Shakespeare's humorous portraiture, we should yet remember that the disciples of St. Crispin have added to their laurels since the day the great limner sketched the portrait. Before introducing some of the great names which have shed lustre upon the fraternity, we might be expected to say something about the records of its antecedent history ; but it is sufficient to state that it has a very respectable antiquity. Its tutelary saint, *Crispin*, is held in perpetual memory, the 25th day of October being honored as his annual festival.

We are all familiar with the phrase, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," of the renowned Greek painter. The sarcastic insinuation that "a cobbler should not go beyond his last," was the retort of Apelles upon the man of leather for his temerity in too freely criticising the painting which the artist had placed on public exhibi-

tion. Apelles admitted the shoemaker's criticism as authoritative for the foot, but not for the anatomical drawing of the leg.

Among the many distinguished characters who have shed lustre upon the annals of the gentle craft, who deemed it *bootless* to continue shoemaking when opportunity for preferment was afforded, was the cobbler of Cahors, in France, who, in 1316, became Supreme Pontiff. True, he was not regarded as one of the most immaculate of his order, since it is said that his love of filthy lucre exceeded that of the interests of the church. After his demise, there was found hoarded up in his coffers the trifling sum of eighteen millions of golden florins. But the simple fact that he made the tremendous leap from the lowly lapstone to the lofty eminence of the Papal throne, is an achievement of itself, one would suppose, enough to atone for the sins of all the cobblers in Christendom. This is sufficient to represent the ecclesiastical aspect of their ancestral pedigree: the secular or scientific side is abundantly illustrated.

The first name of note we meet with in the order of time, belonging to the craft, is that of Nathaniel Ward, who was born in England in the year 1570. After graduating at Cambridge, he devoted himself to the study of law. Subsequently he travelled on the Continent, where he became acquainted with the learned theologian, Pareus of Heidelberg, who induced him to leave the study of the law for that of the gospel. Returning to England, he obtained a parish in Hert-

fordshire ; but, shortly after, he became a nonconformist and a friend to the Puritans, in consequence of which he came to the Massachusetts Colony in the spring of 1634. Soon after his arrival he became pastor of a church at Agawam, since known as Ipswich. Yet his knowledge of law, it appears, was equal to that of the gospel ; for he formed the first code of laws established in New England, in 1641. In 1647 he returned to his native country ; and there he published his quaint little satirical work, "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam." A reprint of this curious volume appeared in Boston as late as 1843. This eccentric genius is said to have been an exact scholar, a worthy Christian gentleman, and possessed of ready wit and humor. He once preached before the House of Commons, notwithstanding he was a rigid nonconformist.

Another distinguished member of the order was Roger Sherman, whose name has shed lustre on the early annals of our country. Early in life he learned the art of economizing time : for, while occupied with his craft of bootmaking, he was accustomed to have a book placed before him, so that he might devote every interval of unoccupied time to study ; and thus he often worked simultaneously with his book and his boot. It was said of him by John Adams, that he was "one of the soundest and strongest pillars of the Revolution ;" and another eminent authority has assigned to him a rank in the temple of fame next to that of Washington. Sherman was one of the committee appointed to prepare the Declaration of Independence.

George Fox, the founder of the sect known as Friends, or Quakers, was apprenticed to a country shoemaker. He soon, however, forsook the craft, and turned hermit, wandering through villages and hamlets, and proclaiming everywhere that he was "sent of the Lord into the world, and was forbid to take off his hat to any." He travelled over the principal cities of Great Britain, Holland, Germany, and America, advocating his opinions.

Referring for a moment to the etymological origin of their name, it may be well to mention that the Scotch word *souter* preserves the old Latin word *sutor*. The word *souter* is familiar to us, from Burns's "Souter Johnnie"—whose real name was John Lauchlin, shoemaker of Ayr,—and from Scott's Watt Tinlinn, "souter and archer," in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." *Cordiner* was another word also used in Scotland for a shoemaker, brought from France in the "Quentin Durward" days, and borrowed from the French *cordinier* or *cordonnier*, supposed to be derived from Cordova, long celebrated for its manufactory of leather. The name became Anglicized to cordwainer; and, so early as 1410, "The Cordwainers' and Cobblers' Company" was incorporated by letters-patent.

Even the fraternity of the "gentle craft" seems not to be wholly exempt from strife and discord. According to a newspaper paragraph, in July, 1863, the regular shoemakers and irregular cobblers of Frankfurt were at war, with the most determined violence. "Ever since the days of Charlemagne the bootmakers

claim an exclusive right over the upper leathers of shoes and boots ; while to the cobblers, under certain circumstances, are yielded all connected with the soles. The shoemakers now claim the doctorship of the seams of boots, whether old or new. The cobblers deny this, and demand the complete monopoly of all boots that require repair, whether in the sole or upper leather." It is not stated whether the dispute was likely to be amicably adjusted in Frankfort ; but it is stated, that, in Hanover, the cobblers took precedence over the shoemakers : and in October, 1861, a newspaper correspondent wrote as follows from Berlin : "The King of Hanover has just been received into the Corporation of Cobblers, the most ancient in the kingdom." But, despite the examples just adduced, the term *cobbler* is not considered high-toned among us ; and Pope speaks of a man, who, "cobbler-like," and after the fashion of the "aproned cobbler," became disgustingly tipsy. These craftsmen are, moreover, known by other names than those of cobblers, shoemakers, and cordwainers. There are welters, repairers, blockers, clickers, cleaners, closers, etc.

There was a noted cobbler of Edinburgh, who flourished in a by-gone age, and who yet made nothing by his craft, although he had been an honest mender of boots and shoes for over fifty years. "He was born, and cobbled ; got married, and cobbled ; got children, and cobbled ; got old, and cobbled. Without advancing a step beyond his last, cobbling found him poor at first and last ; to make ends meet," was all he accomplished.

A noted German shoemaker, — styled “most mystic of mystical theosophists,” — Jacob Boehme, must not be forgotten as belonging to the order.

Winckelmann, the learned German antiquary, was the son of a shoemaker, and was for some time engaged in the same employment. He, however, left the lap-stone, and devoted his time most assiduously to the cultivation of ancient art and history. So extensive and thorough were his attainments in archæology and art, that he was appointed to a position in the Vatican by the Papal Nuncio. His principal work is that on “Ancient Art.”

One of the most celebrated of the early German poets, Hans-Sachs of Nuremberg, was a shoemaker. He was an indefatigable student of the poets of his own country, as well as those of Italy, — Petrarch and Boccaccio ; but, above all, he devoted himself to the study of the Bible and the writings of Luther, whose doctrines he embraced, and whose cause he materially assisted by his compositions.

Travelling back to old England, we have, among the chronicles of the cobblers there, mention made of one Timothy Bennett of Hampton-Wick, Surrey, who distinguished himself by his public-spirited benevolence in devoting seven hundred pounds — his hard-earned savings — to the opening up again of a public highway through Bushy Park, which had been closed for some years against the wishes of the people. This he effected by means of a legal process.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the great English seaman,

was, in his early days, a cobbler for a short time, and then he became a cabin-boy ; and, by his discretion and bravery, he ultimately was made admiral of the line. Bishop Burnet, referring to him, says, "He was one of the greatest seamen of the age." A splendid mausoleum covers his mortal remains, in Westminster Abbey.

In more recent times, we hear of a profound naturalist, Thomas Edwards, who, as a cobbler, at Banff, Scotland, maintained himself by this trade, while he devoted his leisure time to the study of natural science. His researches were principally directed to the smaller crustacea ; and his labors were rewarded by the discovery of a new species, to which the name of *Praniza Edwardsii* has been given by naturalists.

Another member of the fraternity, who rose to distinction with the palette and the pen, was named Hunter. His portrait, painted by himself, was honored by being placed on the walls of the Royal Academy of London.

One who rejoiced in the airy patronymic of Partridge, claims also to be incorporated into this "worshipful" company ; for he followed the craft of St. Crispin during the latter half of the seventeenth century, in Covent Garden, London. He seems to have divided his time, if not his affections, equally between learning and leather, and especially the study of the occult sciences.

John Bagford, an industrious antiquary, who was born in London, in 1675, practised the "gentle craft," as he calls it in his curious pamphlet, "Shoes and the

Art of Making Them," a copy of which is in the British Museum. His love of literary research was evinced by his donation to that institution of a great collection of antiquarian fragments upon a variety of subjects connected with printing and lithography.

Samuel Drew of Cornwall, England, the metaphysician, and author of a work on the "Immortality of the Soul," belonged originally to the brotherhood, and affords another illustration of genius rising superior to difficulties. Drew used to devote eighteen hours of the twenty-four to shoemaking and mental culture conjointly. His writings were so highly esteemed, that he was styled "The English Plato."

Bloomfield, the English pastoral poet, while working at the trade of shoemaking, in an obscure garret in London, composed the poem entitled, "The Farmer's Boy," a production not much consulted now; but the public of his day thought a good deal of the poem, for twenty-six thousand copies of the book are said to have been sold within the third year of its publication. It was also translated into the French and German; and more than all, — in the words of a brother bard, — it may be said of its author, that, "while fields shall bloom, his name shall live!"

To these may be added the name of William Gifford, the founder of the "Quarterly Review," and one of the most profound scholars of his age. He was accustomed to work out his algebraic problems on strips of leather with an awl. He was soon aided by friends of learning, and sent to Exeter College, Ox-

ford, where he graduated with distinguished honors, and from whence he ultimately achieved an enduring fame in the world of letters. Gifford had to struggle through unwonted difficulties in his earlier days ; but these, instead of depressing his courage, only tended to develop his indomitable bravery and perseverance.

There was also another noteworthy name, already referred to, Pareus, the eminent linguist and theologian of Heidelberg, who was, in his youth, apprenticed to this trade.

Another great name to be added to our list, is that of the Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, who, it is said, owing to his incorrigible dulness, was thought fit for nothing else, and therefore apprenticed to the working in leather.

In the instance of Thomas Holcroft, the actor and dramatist, we have still another illustration of genius rising superior to adverse circumstances. He is said to have originated melodramas.

Then, there was the eccentric Lackington, the bookseller of London, who tells us that he went to that city, from his country cobbler's stall, with but five shillings in his pocket ; yet that by perseverance, diligence, and severe economy, he ultimately established the largest book business at that time in the metropolis, the sales averaging over a hundred thousand volumes a year. Although denied the advantages of early education, Lackington seems to have been inspired with a sincere love of learning. One day, he tells us, he invested all his pocket-money in the pur

chase of Young's "Night Thoughts," and at the expense of his dinner ! Lackington was in the habit of occasionally coquetting with the Muse, as may be seen in the couplet following : —

"Cobblers from Crispin boast their public spirit,
And all are upright, downright men of merit."

Our catalogue would be incomplete were we to omit the names of those eminent missionaries and Oriental scholars, Carey and Morrison. William Carey, the pioneer missionary to Serampore, who, cobbler as he was, and boasted of having been, yet managed to become master of about forty Oriental dialects, of which he made grammars and lexicons. His philological labors were prodigious, for he was mainly instrumental in rendering the Sacred Scriptures accessible to over three hundred millions of pagans. Carey was no brilliant genius, but a severely devoted student, of invincible perseverance ; and to this trait he owed his great success. "If you give me credit for being a plodder," said he to a friend, "you will describe me justly. Any thing beyond this will be too much," he modestly added. His contemporary and fellow-laborer as a missionary to China, Robert Morrison, was also his peer in philological attainments. "Morrison's Chinese and English Dictionary," in six quarto volumes, is of itself a monument of scholarly skill. The work, which is very scarce, is yet regarded by Orientalists as authoritative. He also gave to the four hundred millions of China the Sacred Scriptures — a yet

greater triumph of intellectual toil. The manuscript of his Chinese New Testament is preserved among the literary rarities of the British Museum. The publication of this Chinese version of the Bible cost fifteen thousand pounds. It is remarkable that these twin-stars went into eclipse in the same year, 1834.

To the honored names of Morrison and Carey — the learned missionaries of the East already referred to — may be added that of Mason, forming together an illustrious trio of Christian scholars and philanthropists, unsurpassed in the world's annals. Francis Mason, the Orientalist and missionary, was born of humble parentage, in the old historic town of York, England. Without educational advantages, he was compelled to devote himself to the mending of boots and shoes for his support. Yet, by the force of his genius, he not only triumphed over all adverse circumstances, but eventually acquired the knowledge of several Oriental languages, including the *Pali*, the classic language of Buddhist literature and philosophy. His "Pali Grammar" is regarded by linguists as an indispensable contribution to philological learning. His extensive missionary tours in various parts of the Old World and the New, as well as his prolonged and successful labors among the Karens, are well known to the Christian world. Not only, therefore, for his eminent scholastic attainments, but for his self-sacrificing service among the uncivilized and uncared for, does the name of Francis Mason stand as a synonym for high intellectual and moral excellence.

There was also Joseph Pendrell, whose attainments seem to have been as extensive, and as entirely the result of his own exertions in quest of knowledge, as those of others we have adduced. He became proficient in the various branches of mathematical science and natural philosophy. He was a lineal descendant of the Pendrell who concealed Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester.

Our next celebrated cobbler was John Pounds, the philanthropist of Portsmouth, England. By his self-denying industry and large-hearted benevolence, he was enabled to accomplish a work that had not heretofore been attempted, — the rescue and training of the poor, neglected little wanderers of the town. This he did unaided and alone, without any thought of pecuniary recompense, although he had to depend upon his daily toil for his own support. Honest John, as he was familiarly styled, was one of those good-natured, self-helpful, and unselfish people, who seem to be always seeking to enrich their own lives by doing good to others. They are not, as a class, now too common in the world ; and, therefore, those who are amongst us find a wide field for the exercise of their Christian charity and benevolence. This excellent untutored friend of the friendless died on the first day of the year 1839.

Henry Wilson, the energetic and successful statesman, of Natick, Mass., began his career in life as a shoemaker. By his industry and force of character, he filled one of the foremost seats in the national

Legislature, having been elected to fill the vacant chair of Edward Everett in 1855. It was of him that Gen. Scott said, that he did more work in the short session of Congress when he was chairman, than all the committees of twenty years had done. Mr. Wilson's useful and laborious public services have not been unrecognized, he having been elected to the high trust of Vice-President of the United States, which position he held until his death.

There is another worthy member of the craft, still living, we believe, in Brattleborough, Vt., Mr. C. Frost, who is said to have more friends and admirers among the educated people of Europe than in his own native village. Besides possessing a thorough knowledge of botany, he is a linguist, and is regarded as eminently proficient in several other departments of general science. His modesty is correspondent with his attainments; and he regards his shoemaking as his work, and his scientific studies his relaxation and pleasure.

Two hundred years ago flourished a remarkable character, who claims to be numbered among the cobbler constituency. He was also a dissenting minister; and subsequently, when he was arraigned and brought to trial, under the pretext of "nonconformity," he opened his case in Greek, and made his replies in Hebrew. His judge, asking for the indictment, found the learned culprit described as Nehemiah Coxe, *cordwainer*. Ultimately he got the better of his judge; for, insisting on his right to plead his cause in what-

ever language he pleased, and as none could reply to him, the case had to be dismissed.

Many more names belonging to the order, alike distinguished in learning and morals, might be added to those already cited; but we must be restricted to a brief enumeration of them merely. For instance, there was William Sturgeon, professor of natural philosophy in the military academy at Addiscombe; Ralph Finlay, the entomologist; William Parsons, the mathematician, of Philadelphia; Horton Bentley, the naturalist, of Manchester; Benjamin Satchwell, the chemist, of Leamington; John Kitto, whose biblical researches and illustrations are so well known, who, although self-taught, has made most important contributions to sacred learning.

We ought not, however, to omit the name of Thomas Cooper, "the chartist," who, in his youth, pursued this humble calling, and having instructed himself in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, while at his stall, became a classical teacher at the age of twenty-three. While a political prisoner, he wrote his poem called "The Purgatory of Suicides." His history presents another to the many illustrious examples of cultivated cobblers. Lastly, there was Mackay, the mathematician; Woodhouse, the "uneducated poet" whom Southey praised, as well as Brande, the British antiquary and author, and Gideon Lee, the American statesman and philanthropist. But here we terminate our rambling researches after the notable personages who have illustrated, in their career, the

truth of the well-known fact, that "Honor and shame from no condition rise."

Leaving historic annals, we close our colloquy with the cobblers by referring to some *well-authenticated* legendary records which may not be familiar to some of our readers. For example: Is there not a fine type of character illustrated in the sternly virtuous conduct of old Barbados, the Portuguese cobbler of Veyros, toward his fair, yet frail, daughter Ines, whose rare beauty beguiled a gallant scion of royalty? And was there not also a notable Persian cobbler, Ahmed, of the city of Ispahan, who, at the instigation of his handsome and ambitious spouse, discarded his humble calling, pretending that he was an adept in astrological lore? Strange as it may seem, his quasi-prognostications and revelations were so favored by fortune, that he not only made a heap of money, but soon exchanged his cobbler's stall for apartments in the palace of a Persian prince.

Charles V., wishing to learn the sentiments of his people, once, in disguise, stopped at a cobbler's stall in Brussels, and ordered a pair of boots, offering to pay handsomely for them. "No," was the indignant response: "not for the emperor himself would I work on St. Crispin's Day; but, if you'll join us in drinking to him, you are welcome." The sovereign accepted the invitation, but declined joining in the libation. Soon the toast was proposed, "Here's to the health of Charles the Fifth."—"Then, you love the emperor?" said the stranger-guest. "Love him well enough, we

do ; but we should love him more if he would tax us less," was the reply. The next day, to the consternation of the cobbler, he received a summons to attend at court. He obeyed the requisition ; but imagine his astonishment when he recognized, in the person of the sovereign, his quondam friend in disguise. His embarrassment was, however, soon removed ; for the emperor commended his loyalty, and inquired what favor he most desired of him. What think you was the coveted ambitious wish that he preferred ? This : That the arms of the cobblers should take precedence of those of the shoemakers ! It was accordingly so ordered : and, it is said, there is to be seen, to this day, a chapel in Flanders adorned with a boot, and the imperial crown upon it ; while, in public processions, the cobbler fraternity are understood to precede their friends, the shoemakers.

Perhaps the greatest congregation of cobblers that was ever convened, was that which took place in Lincoln's Inn Square, London, many years ago, to meet the notorious "Orator Henley." It was announced that he would address himself on that occasion especially to shoemakers, and teach them a new and expeditious method of making shoes. The admission tickets bore the following significant motto : "*Omne majus continet in se minus*," which, in the "vulgar tongue," means, "Every great thing contains in itself the less." Had the simple shoemakers guessed the meaning of the motto, they might have saved both their money and their mortification ; since his "short

method of making shoes " consisted in simply cutting off the tops of ready-made boots ! The sons of St. Crispin were certainly *sold* on this occasion.

In a letter written by Marshal Vaillant, November, 1866, that gallant French soldier thus traces his pedigree : " My grandfather kept a little silk-mercier's shop at Dijon. His father had been a shoemaker. I cannot go farther back : my quarters of nobility stop with the shoemaker." The reverse of this has been sometimes seen ; as we learn from Burke's " Vicissitudes of Families," that, " as late as 1837, the great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself daughter and heir of the Duke of Clarence, was following the cobbler's craft at Newport, in Shropshire." The great-granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell became a shoemaker's wife ; and the last of the Juxons is said to be, or was, represented by a shoemaker.

May we not, then, justly claim for the disciples of St. Crispin a niche in the Temple of Fame, for the noble names that grace their annals ? Lowly as is their vocation, yet do we not find a goodly number whose genius triumphed over all obstacles, and who achieved for themselves an enviable distinction in the world of science, religion, art, and literature ? All honor, therefore, to their memory ! and, whenever we are tempted to depreciate their humble calling, let us remember how it has been ennobled in the past. And if ever we are sorely tempted to impugn the man of leather for inflicting upon us the torture of tight boots, and the corns they inevitably cause, let us also

temper our indignation, by reflecting, that, when our *soles* are dilapidated, he it is who *heels* them. Finally, as a tradesman, is he not equitable and just?—for, while you expect him to foot your boot, he only asks you to foot his bill.

Our desultory chapter would be incomplete without the joke—absurd as it is—of the rival cobblers of London. One of the craft, whose knowledge of leather was probably more accurate than of literature,—more familiar with boots than books,—placed over his stall as a motto, the line from Virgil, “*Mens conscia recti!*” As an offset to this, and thinking thereby to secure the patronage of the softer sex, his rival affixed over his door the following improved reading: “*Mens and Womens conscia recti!*”

Whittier’s admirable stanzas form a fitting close to this tribute to these memorable men, whose lives have glorified the order from which they sprang:—

“Let foplings sneer, let fools deride; ye heed no idle scorner:
True hearts and hands are still your pride, and duty done
your honor.

Thy songs, Hans-Sachs, are living yet, in strong and hearty
German;

And Bloomfield’s lay, and Gifford’s wit, and the rare good
sense of Sherman.

Your slippers shine on Beauty’s foot, by Saratoga’s fountain,
Or lead—the snow-flakes falling mute—the dance on Cats-
kill Mountain.

Then, let the toast be freely quaffed, in water cool and brim-
ming:

All honor to the good old craft, its merry men and women!

Call out again your long array, in the old-time pleasant manner—

Once more, on gay St. Crispin's Day, fling out his blazoned banner!"

COFFEE AND TEA.

“Some there are, who, seeking comfort,
Mix themselves some *eau de vie*,
Whiskey, rum, or old Geneva ;
But, when I’m down, I take to tea.”

“COMMEND me, when jaded and toil-worn, to an aromatic cup of coffee,” said a valetudinarian ; “for there is no better restorative, or any libation at once so innoxious, and so refreshing and sustaining to the nerves, as well as grateful to the palate.” It may seem superfluous, however, to attempt, in sober prose, to extol the claims of this world-renowned Arabian berry ; since it may almost be said to be in everybody’s mouth. Of the many pleasant things that flatter the taste, coffee is the most universally popular ; yet, to the epicure, it insists upon being enjoyed alone, as if jealous of the rival claims of even the *chibouk* or cigar. It has been also found that a cargo of coffee has been spoiled because it came in the same ship with pepper. We give the statement in the humorous words of an English writer, where he says, “It struck up a friendship with the pepper, and raved of pepper when it came to be drunk. In the same way, it showed, in another voyage, a remarkable fondness for rum, seized upon its odor, and became intoxicated —

poisoned. It has, even in the raw state, to be guarded with jealous care, lest it should contract objectionable alliances ; and still more, after it has been educated in the roaster and the mill, has it to be kept in seclusion, to prevent its being contaminated with the odors of other things. And thus the frail little berry is prone to play false, and forget itself."

Coffee is certainly an accepted symbol or accessory of our social life. Talk of the famed Falernian wine, the nectar and the ambrosia of the gods : what are they in comparison with the delicious decoction that stimulates while it does not intoxicate ? As a hygienic, the magic draught, which has held such undisputed sway over the social hospitalities of the civilized world for centuries, has also proved a panacea to many a despairing dyspeptic, and contributed to mitigate the penalties of poverty, as well as to enhance the luxurious enjoyments of fortune. Its influence upon social habits and intellectual culture is also a beneficent one ; some, indeed, insist that it engenders brain-power. No one will deny its power to assuage thirst, and restore tone to the nervous system, thus putting persons on better terms with themselves and with everybody else.

Coffee seems, while wakening up the brain, to make one, for a time at least, independent of food. It is, indeed, most enjoyed on short rations, and, taken after a full meal, neither pleases the palate nor refreshes the system. Nor is it always quite harmless : Brillat-Savarin gave up coffee, because he found that it made

him light-headed. If tea is the favorite beverage of the fair sex, coffee may be said to possess masculine qualities for the other part of the human family. Yet we are hardly safe in thus dividing these domestic decoctions with the sexes ; for Johnson was the greatest of tea-drinkers, while Voltaire was noted for his fondness for coffee.

Coffee is also suggestive of pleasant memories,—of the bright and sunny groups that assemble around the festive board, and the social gatherings amid quiet home-scenes. What, indeed, do we not owe to the genial little berry? We agree with Leigh Hunt in preferring coffee to tea, for the taste, but tea for a constancy. To be perfect, in point of relish, coffee should be strong and hot, with little milk and sugar. The French prefer *café au lait*; while the Orientals take the decoction strong, without either milk or sugar. Coffee is always welcome—at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. How gratefully its fine aroma greets our olfactory nerve as we imbibe the invigorating draught ! How our ancestors got along without coffee, we cannot surmise. No wonder they were innocent of our modern improvements and inventions and scientific discoveries. But we ought not to disparage our forefathers ; for, without the knowledge of coffee, they ought not, perhaps, to be blamed for their ignorance of many other things.

Coffee commends itself to the friends of temperance and sobriety : it is, indeed, an antidote to intoxicating spirits and wines. Yes —

“Fill the cup, — but not with wine, —
Potent port, or fiery sherry.
Fill this milder cup of mine, —
Crush me Yemen’s fragrant berry.”

We little think, when sipping our coffee, what a legendary history it has to tell. Coming into use at an epoch memorable in the annals of time, — with the discovery of the printing-press, and of this Western World by the great Genoese, — it seems to belong to our modern civilization. It has been well said, that “the proud son of the highest civilization can no longer live happily without the coffee of African robbers, the tobacco of the red men of the forest, the tea of the despised Chinese, and the sugar of the Hindoo or the Negro. He cannot break his fast without coffee, nor, indeed, finish his dinner; and the whole social life of many nations is based upon the insignificant bean.”

Although our knowledge of coffee cannot reach farther back than three centuries, yet nobody knows how long its use as a beverage has existed among the Orientals. There is a tradition that the angel Gabriel invented coffee for the especial behoof of Mohammed in his old age, to enable him to renew his youth. Whether it had the power of conferring upon the prophet rejuvenescence or not, we are not informed; but it is certain that it is incomparable as a stimulant, and will even often compensate for the want of food. Rossini used to say, that it could keep him up for a fortnight, — the time he required for the composition of an opera.

There is another Eastern legend concerning coffee, which ascribes the discovery of the berry to a dervish named Hadji Omer, who, in the year 1285, being driven out of Mocha, was induced, in the extremity of hunger, to roast the berries which grew near his hiding-place. He ate them, as the only means of sustaining his existence ; and then, steeping some of the roasted berries in water, he slaked his thirst. He thus discovered that the infusion was more palatable and grateful than the berry itself, as food. It seems to have been, indeed, a most opportune discovery ; since his persecutors, who had exiled him, intended that he should die of starvation ; and when they learned that he was flourishing upon the mysterious diet, to them all unknown, they regarded his preservation as a miracle, and he was forthwith canonized as a saint.

According to legendary lore, a certain *mufti*, or Mohammedan priest, was the first to discover the use of the coffee-bean for beverage. He found it exhilarating, as well as curative of somnolency ; and he forthwith tried the experiment of a dose of the black draught upon his lazy monks, who were notoriously drowsy over their devotions. It proved a great success, and secured the future fame of coffee. The plant, although believed to be indigenous to Southern Abyssinia, where it is yet largely cultivated, seems, nevertheless, to have derived its name from Kaffa, in Eastern Africa, where it is also abundant. Its Arabic name is *kawah* ; but in Java it is known, as with us, by that of coffee. From Arabia it travelled to Syria, Turkey, and the several capitals of Western and Northern Europe.

The renowned traveller, Thévenot, introduced its use into Paris in 1668, where it was dished up in all the superb style of luxury for which the French capital has ever been celebrated. Soon the *café* became the favorite resort of the wits, artists, and philosophers of Paris. The demand in that city for coffee became enormous about the time of the French Revolution: we are not to infer from this, however, that coffee is chargeable with instigating that terrible catastrophe.

Of all coffee-drinkers, the luxurious and indolent Turks take the precedence. With the Osmanli, the beverage is as great a necessity as his divan; and the refusal to supply a wife with coffee was, at one time, admitted in law as a valid cause of divorce. As the coffee-houses became thronged, the mosques were deserted; and, consequently, the *muftis* denounced the use of the drink. Notwithstanding the interdict, however, coffee continued to be a universal favorite with the Orientals of all classes. Fancy to yourself the luxurious appointments of one of those favorite places of rendezvous of Eastern story-tellers, dancing dervishes, jugglers, and Turkish idlers, smoking their *chibouks*, and imbibing their coffee. The scenic effect of the groups, in their variegated and picturesque costumes, as well as the equally brilliant decorations of the divan, would remind us of the time when we dreamed over the glowing pictures of that wondrous work of enchantment, "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Some of the *cafés* of Havana — the Louvre, for example — seemed to emulate the magnificence of the Orient.

The English, — who first heard of the berry from Sir Henry Blount, who visited Turkey in 1634, — a few years later, established their coffee and club houses in London and elsewhere. There is an amusing anecdote on record connected with one of the London coffee-houses. It was at a time when civilians, sages, and sciolists alike wore swords. Two friendly scholars, sipping their coffee at the Grecian, became excited in argument. The occasion of dispute was concerning the accent of a Greek verb. Whatever the merits of the scholarly quarrel were, it was *acute*, and the conclusion of it *grave*; for they drew swords instead of logical inferences, and the result was that one of the disputants fell mortally wounded.

Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, on his return from Smyrna to London, brought with him a Greek of Ragusa, named Pasquet Rossee, who used to prepare coffee every morning for his master. Edwards's neighbors, beginning to appreciate the good qualities of this beverage, became so numerous as visitors at breakfast-time, that, in order to get rid of them, he ordered Rossee to open a coffee-house, which the latter did in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. This was the first coffee-house in the city.

Now, taking its popularity as a basis, let us laugh at the doctors who maintain the theory that hot coffee irritates the stomach, and injures the nerves. Let us tell them that Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Fourcroy, who were great coffee-drinkers, lived to a good old age. Let us laugh, too, at Madame Sévigné, who

predicted that coffee and Racine would be forgotten together.

It is believed that the Dutch introduced the coffee-plant into Java and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies. It was introduced into Brazil about the middle of the eighteenth century ; the seeds having been conveyed from Guiana to the Amazon, where the cultivation was commenced, in 1701. From the Amazon the cultivation was carried to Rio de Janeiro, in 1774 ; and afterward it spread over Brazil. At the present time, Rio de Janeiro, and many other provinces adjacent, are covered with immense forests of coffee-trees ; and the introduction of machinery into the grand agricultural establishments tends greatly to facilitate the perfecting and preparation of the product. While carefully studying the vast territory of Brazil, Professor Agassiz wrote, "I have taken pains to ascertain the facts respecting the culture of coffee during the last fifty years : the immense development of this branch of industry, and the rapidity of the movement, especially in a country where labor is so scarce, are among the most striking economical phenomena of our century. Thanks to their perseverance, and the favorable conditions presented by the constitution of their soil, the Brazilians have obtained a sort of monopoly of coffee. More than half the coffee consumed in the world is of Brazilian growth. And yet the coffee of Brazil has little reputation, and is even greatly underrated ; because a great deal of the best produce of Bra-

zilian plantations is sold under the name of Java or Mocha, or as the coffee of Martinique or Bourbon.

“Coffee, O coffee! Faith, it is surprising,
Mid all the poets, good and bad and worse,
Who’ve scribbled (Hock or Chian eulogizing)
Post and papyrus with immortal verse, —
Melodiously similitudinizing
In Sapphics languid or Alcaics terse, —
No one, my little brown Arabian berry,
Hath sung *thy* praises, — ’tis surprising, very.”

As already stated, coffee has this advantage over wine — that it inspires without intoxicating the brain. It has been said that wine inspired the ancient Muse, and not, indeed, the *ancient* poets only: and poetry itself, which has been styled “the wine of the mind,” was put into competition, in the olden time, for the prize of a cask of wine; while the Bacchic hymn was, curiously enough, called “The Hymn of the Cask.” The poets-laureate, from the minstrel-monk Chaucer down to their living representative in England, have continued to receive their “pipe of wine,” from which it has been suggested that our bards do not solely derive their inspiration from the Heliconian fount.

Balzac, who wrote on modern stimulants, with his accustomed enthusiasm and minute analysis, says, by quick infusion of coffee, and a certain method of preparation, whatever of it is hurtful to certain constitutions may be avoided. When properly made, there is nothing more delightful than its aroma; for it is not only agreeable in itself, but is also associated in our minds

with the exhilaration it has often produced, until, by force of habit, the mere thought of it is almost enough to raise the spirits, and clear the brow.

It was at the *Café Procope* that a curious circumstance occurred concerning a cup of coffee. An officer of the king's body-guard ordered a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, adding, "It will serve me for dinner." Hearing this, M. St. Foix said aloud, "A cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner." The officer remonstrated, but the other only repeated the offensive remark; and thereupon a challenge ensued. The parties forthwith adjourned to seek and offer "satisfaction;" and the result was, that St. Foix received a wound in his arm. "That is all very well," said the wounded man; "but I appeal to you, gentlemen, whether I was not right in asserting that a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, is not a confoundedly poor dinner?" The belligerents being carried before the court, M. St. Foix said, "I had not the slightest intention of offending the gallant officer; but he can never prevent my saying that a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner." — "Why, so it is," said the Duc de Noailles. "Then, I am not in the wrong," said St. Foix; "and a cup of coffee," — at these words the magistrates, delinquents, and auditory burst into a roar of laughter; and the antagonists at length became warm friends.

Why do we couple coffee with pistols, and scandal with tea? Is it because the one stimulates our courage, and the other our spleen?

“Coffee and tea are natural allies, but they are also natural rivals. As against alcoholic drinking in any form they are combined. It is over the unoccupied territory, after alcohol has been driven away, that the contention between the two comes. Taking the world through, the general verdict seems to be in favor of tea. Two of the largest empires in the world—China and Russia—are tea-drinkers. In Bokhara and Samarcand, and in most parts of Central Asia, the tea-urn is forever steaming. On the other hand, the Arab and the Turk, and with them the whole western part of the Mohammedan world, are coffee-drinkers. The decision of Europe is not absolute for either side. It seems to be very much determined by what we may call the accidents of the case. The nations which can get good coffee, drink coffee. Those which can get good tea, drink tea. Those which can get both, drink both. England claims to be one of these; but the preference of England is beyond all doubt for tea, and not for coffee. The unfair choice is very largely compensated for in the United States, the chief coffee-consuming country in the world. Englishmen, too, would probably make more use of coffee than they do if they could once be induced to overcome the initial difficulties of having it prepared as it ought to be. Tea can be made easily enough. It may be strong or weak, according to fancy. It is tea in either case. The right plan, we are assured, is to put plenty of tea into the pot, then to add a little more tea, and, this done, to leave it to chance whether the liquid comes

out strong or weak. But, whatever we may think of weak tea, there is no good word to be said for weak coffee. Coffee must be very strong if it is to deserve the name of coffee at all. It is a generous drink, and it is for generous natures." ¹

"Tea, that enlivener of wit and of soul, —
More loquacious by far than the draughts of the bowl, —
Soon loosens the tongue, and enlivens the mind,
And enlightens the eyes to the faults of mankind.
It brings on the *tapis* one's neighbor's defects,
The faults of our friends, or their wilful neglects;
Reminds one of many a good-natured tale
About those who are stylish, and those who are frail.

.
While the wives of our cits of inferior degree,
Will soak up repute in a little *Bohea*;
But the scandal improves (a refinement in wrong)
As our matrons are richer, and rise to *Souchong*.
With *Hyson*, a beverage still more refined,
Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind,
And by nods, innuendoes, hints, and what not,
Reputations and tea send together to pot.
While madam in cambrics and laces arrayed,
With her plate and her liveries in splendid parade,
Will drink in *Imperial*, a friend at a sup,
Or in *Gunpowder* blow them by dozens all up!" ²

T is before U: let us, then, indulge in a little gossip about it.

Sydney Smith once exclaimed, "Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea? I am glad I was not born before tea!" With brain-workers,

¹ London Times.

² Salmagundi.

especially, tea has always been a favorite beverage. The subdued irritability, the refreshed spirits, the renewed energies, which the student so often owes to it, have not unfrequently inspired the tributary offerings of the Muse. For example, here is one :—

“This is the drink of health !
The Virtues this, and this the Graces, quaff,
Like nectar cheerful, like nepenthe safe.
’Tis tea sustains : tea also can inspire
The poet’s flame, and feed the hero’s fire.
Hail, queen of herbs ! Pride of Elysian bowers !
How shall we speak thy complicated powers ? ”

The origin of tea is thus given by the Hindoo mythologists : Darma, a prince of the Orient, went on a pilgrimage to China, vowing that he would not rest by the way ; but, being overtaken with fatigue, he fell asleep. On awaking, he was so angry with himself, that he cut off his eyelids, and flung them on the ground. They sprung up as tea-shrubs, and hence is supposed to have been derived the anti-somnolent tendency of tea.

The English word tea is derived from the sound given to it at Amoy, *cha yeh* (tea-leaf). This is the most valuable and important of all the exports from China. Its infusion has been used as a common beverage by the Chinese from time immemorial, and has been the constant theme of their poets. The plant is now cultivated for the sake of its leaf, in China, Corea, Japan, and Assam, where it is indigenous ; and in Simla, Java, and Brazil, where its introduction has been effected.

If we are not under obligations to the "Celestials" for any thing else, we certainly are for this great essential auxiliary to our social and physical health and enjoyment.

Among their other superstitious practices, when any procession in honor of any popular idol takes place, the Chinese arrange tables by the wayside, each having a censer with lighted incense, a vase of flowers, lighted candles, plates of fruits, and three cups of tea: in a word, they invite you to take tea. This custom is supposed to insure success to those who thus seek to propitiate the favor of their tutelary deity.

The tea-crop of Japan is attaining importance. The total quantity of tea brought to the foreign markets of that country some years since was 19,864,000 pounds.

Tea was wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans. It seems to have been originally imported, in small quantities, by the Dutch, but was hardly known to Great Britain until about 1650.

The following entry appears in Pepys's *Diary*, ten years subsequent to that date: "I sent for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I had never drunk before."

"Though all unknown to Greek and Roman song,
The paler Hyson and the dark Souchong;
Though black nor green the warbled praises share,
Of knightly troubadour, or gay *trouvère*,—
Yet scorn not thou, as alien quite to numbers,
That friend to prattle, and that foe to slumbers,

Which Kien Long — imperial poet — praised
So high, that cent per cent its price was raised ;
Which Pope himself would sometimes condescend
To place, commodious, at a couplet's end ;
Which the sweet bard of Olney did not spurn,
Who sung the music of the 'hissing urn.' ”

The principal varieties of the tea-plant are as follows :
The green teas are known as Gunpowder, Imperial, Hyson, Hy-Souski, Young Hyson, and Twankay. The black teas are Pekoe, Souchong, Congo, and Bohea.

The pleasant taste and aroma, for which tea is so highly prized, are developed by the roasting which the leaves undergo. The most important constituents of tea, in the form in which it is used in infusion, are, an essential oil to which it owes its fragrance ; theine, a nitrogenized compound, an astringent principle which is a modification of tannin.

The differences of tea are the result of treatment,—the green being the result of the more rapid preparation ; the black being allowed a longer process, so as to make the leaves soft and flaccid, undergoing a slight fermentation ; then after being roasted in pans, and exposed for a few hours to the air and sun, they are dried slowly over charcoal fires.

Tea, which is daily upon everybody's tables, if not in everybody's mouth, is as fragrant to the palate as it is refreshing to the nerves. As a stimulant, it is inspiring, yet non-inebriating ; and, as a dilutant, it is, according to *tectotalists*, next to a purely aqueous beverage. Tea-drinking is, therefore, much better than

dram-drinking ; because it keeps, as Waller beautifully expresses it, —

“The palace of the soul serene.”

Medicinally, it acts as a gentle astringent, and as a diuretic and diaphoretic : its immoderate use, however, is injurious, because enfeebling to the nervous system. A very strong infusion of tea has, however, proved an antidote in cases of poisoning by arsenic, and by tartarized antimony, as well as opium. Under the infirmities of age, when the digestive powers become enfeebled, the value of tea in checking the too rapid waste of the tissues is undoubted. Tea is also a narcotic : its nutritive quality is much less than that of coffee.

Even “Punch” recommends tea-drinking in the following lines : —

“My brethren all, come drink with me :
Both great and small, sip up your tea.
Fill up the pot : this draught, my dears,
Inebriates not, but only cheers.
Your nectar brown, then freely pour
By spoonfuls down, and call for more.
Your ‘Gunpowder,’ for all its name,
Fear not to stir : it won’t inflame.
When not too strong, O nice Pekoe !
O rare Souchong ! O choice Kaisow !
Fond may we be of right Chinee !
But with Assam content will be —
When we can’t get the old Bohea !”

Tea inspires talk, and, if tradition is to be accepted, sometimes — scandal. But the aromatic herb is not,

on this account, itself to be scandalized : it has better associations ; for it is suggestive of the land and people from whence it comes, as well as the times and seasons we are accustomed to indulge the delectable draught at home. For instance, does it not remind us of Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," Pope's "Rape of the Lock," Lady Wortley Montague's tea-table "eclogue," Horace Walpole? also, of sundry domestic scenes portrayed in the "Spectator," and elsewhere? Leigh Hunt thus genially talks about a cup of tea : "Did you ever," he asks, "return home from a journey, cold, wet, weary, and unexpected, after tea was over, and the tea-leaves ejected from the silver? Bright eyes glisten with delight at the sight of you,—perhaps more than one pair,—and a silvery voice names the word 'tea.' Out of a dozen instances, did it ever happen to you—when the tea had been made for you alone—to partake of a cup whose delicious fragrance had dwelt ever after on your palate, like a vision of paradise? Such an instance once occurred to me. It was winter time : the fire burned brightly, and the rug was so soft and rich that I would not have changed it for the golden fleece which set so many men raving of old."

Tea took a prominent part in the Revolutionary struggle of our country ; since the Boston tea-party overturned ship-loads of the precious herb into the sea, which must have been an act of terrible distress to the matrons of that day, and provocation enough to the British to make them *boil over* with resentment against such abomination on the part of the Yankees.

Dr. Johnson has drawn his own portrait, as a most confirmed tea-drinker, who, for twenty years, diluted his meals with the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose "kettle had scarcely time to cool; who, with tea, amused the evening, solaced the midnight, and welcomed the morning."

Among notable tea-drinkers, undoubtedly the great lexicographer must take precedence; since it is said that he took on one occasion more than a dozen cups at a sitting. Then, we might mention that great octogenarian and mighty smoker, Dr. Parr, and the eloquent Robert Hall, to say nothing of the long line of illustrious dames who grace the hospitable board, and dispense to others, as well as themselves, the social beverage.

"Punch," again, has favored the world with the following Chinese tea-song, which, at first sight, looks difficult, but, if scanned attentively, can be easily read:—

"Ohc ometo th ete asho pwit hme,
 Andb uya po undo f thebe st:
 'Twillpr oveam ostex cellentt ea,
 Itsq ua lit yal lwi lla tte st.
 'Tiso nly f oursh illi ngs apo und,
 Soc omet othet eama rtan dtry:
 Nob etterc anel sewh erebefou nd,
 Ort hata nyoth er needb uy."

Was it not Charles Lamb who perpetrated the Latin pun on the tea-chest, *Tu doces* ("Thou teachest")?

With the single exception of tobacco, it may be doubted if any other production of the soil has stimu-

lated human industry so much as the tea-plant. Twenty years ago, even, the growth and consumption of tea were really enormous. It was then estimated that the total produce of the dried leaf in China alone, amounted to a million of tons, or twenty-two hundred and forty millions of pounds. How much it has increased since then, we have not at hand the means of ascertaining. England is said to use not less than seventy-three million pounds annually, and the United States now about equals Great Britain as a tea-imbibing nation.

Tea-drinking is also one of the greatest institutions of Russia. They do not make the decoction after our fashion, however, by pouring boiling water into the tea-pot ; for that would be, according to their opinion, to rob it of all its cheering grace, and to profane the institution, the outward and visible sign of which is the *somovar*. This is a large urn made of bronze or brass, with a tube running through the centre, into which charcoal is placed. When the tea-hour arrives (and this is any or every hour in Russia), the charcoal is lighted, and the little china teapot is placed, simmering, at the top of the charcoal-tube ; and, in this way, cup after cup of the Russian nectar is supplied.

It has been generally supposed, that new tea is stronger than the old ; but this has been disproved by experience and facts. Good black is kept in China like wine, and is improved by age ; and, in England and this country, common black teas have been decidedly improved by keeping in a proper place. Green tea is not so much altered, but black tea gets stronger ;

and common bohea, if kept for two years or more, will be much preferred. The Chinese and Japanese are accustomed to keep their teas at least a year before using : when fresh, its narcotic power is strongest.

Here, then, we reach the terminus of our gossip about that exhilarating, yet non-inebriating, decoction,—tea ; which Cibber, the dramatist, thus apostrophizes : “ O tea, tea ! thou soft, sober, sage, and venerable liquid, — thou female tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moments of my life ! ”

PRINTERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

LIKE the old poets and the painters, the printers of the past seem, as seen through the haze of antiquity, like so many anointed sons of genius, whose sceptre still rules us with regal sway. There is, indeed, a sacredness in all that appertains to the kingdom of mind; and not a few of the early printers were no less celebrated for their artistic skill with the pen than with the type.

With the invention of the printing-press came the apocalypse of a new world and the inspiration of a new life. Feudalism, ignorance, and superstition gave way to civilization, learning, and liberty. It has changed all social conditions, and imparted an impulse to human progress, by its wide-spread diffusion of intelligence, to an extent that defies all computation.

Until the advent of the printing-press, books were the costly treasures of the opulent and the few: now they are the common inheritance of all. Yet it is remarkable that our obligations to the art which memorializes all other arts, should itself, from its very familiarity, be almost forgotten by us. Even the honor of its discovery has to be divided between three rival claimants, — Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer; while

Haarlem, Strasburg, and Mentz contend for the honor of its birthplace.

“O Mentz! proud city, lasting thy fame shall be —
 The printer's glorious art was born of thee!
 Though Fame hath built her shrine for the contending three.”

The great discovery was that of forming every letter or character of the alphabet separately, so as to be capable of re-arrangement, and forming in succession the pages of a book, avoiding, thereby, the interminable labor of cutting new blocks for every page. The credit of discovering this simple, yet marvellous, art, is contested by the Dutch, in favor of Laurens Coster. The types first employed were of wood, but soon the practice of casting them in metal was introduced. The earliest specimens of these metal types were the black letter, or old English, closely resembling the characters used by the transcribers of manuscripts.

Between 1450 and 1455, Gutenberg succeeded in printing the Bible, copies of which are now exceedingly rare and valuable. It is in quarto size, double columns; the initial letters of the chapters being executed with the pen, in colors. This celebrated Bible was the Latin Vulgate, and consisted of six hundred and thirty-seven leaves. It is known to collectors as the “Mazarin Bible,” from the fact of the first copy of it having been discovered, since the French Revolution, in 1791, in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. Prior to that event, it was kept enclosed in a golden casket, in the library of the Palais Royal, having

descended, it is believed, from Cardinal Richelieu. After the French Revolution, the Bible, but not the golden case, was discovered. The expense of producing this triumph of typography was, according to tradition, three thousand gold florins. Copies of this much-prized and primal production of the press are yet extant,—one being in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, another in the British Museum, and still another, printed on vellum, in the Royal Library at Berlin, and also a few others ; while, more recently, a copy of it became the property of, and now graces the collection in, the Lenox Library of New York. In the year 1457, Faust and Schoeffer issued the first production of their press, being an edition of the Psalms, in Latin, technically known as the “Mentz Psalter.” It is the first book known to exist, which has the name of the place where it was printed, with that of the printer and the date. A perfect copy of this literary relic, of which only six are known to exist, is in the Imperial Library at Vienna. In 1462 Faust and Schoeffer printed and published a Bible, in Latin, in two volumes, folio, being the first printed Bible with a date ; and, like all other early typographical productions, is of extreme rarity and value. A choice copy of this work is to be found among the literary and bibliographical treasures of the Astor Library. In the same year Faust also printed an edition of the German Bible, in two volumes, folio, which is the first German version with a date. This work is also there.

When the trade in books began first to grow up in

Paris, early in the fourteenth century, the precious volumes slowly accumulated in numbers sufficient to supply the need of scholars; and laws were made, compelling booksellers to loan their books to students who could not afford to buy them. The rates of charge were established by the university.

The early printers were endowed with privileges and honors, Frederick III. of Germany having granted an armorial bearing to the "Typothetæ;" and it was permitted them to wear "gold and silver jewels, and the slashed doublet and sword." Robert Stephens, the renowned Parisian printer, enjoyed the personal friendship of Francis I., who used to visit the composing-room of the former, and gave to him a "font of pica," the matrices of which are supposed to be yet extant.

Louis XIII. had such a love for the typographic art, that he established an amateur printing-office in his palace at St. Germain. It was here, a century later, that Louis XVI., when in his youth, printed a small volume of moral and political maxims, a copy of which, when he became king, he presented to Benjamin Franklin, then our ambassador to the French Court.

The art of printing was introduced into Paris by Ulric Gering and others, in 1470. These German printers had apartments assigned to them in the College of the Sorbonne; and although they encountered the stern opposition of the copyists of manuscripts, yet the king, Louis XI., took the typographers under

his patronage. Among the works they printed was the "Biblia Sacra," which has attracted so much notice among bibliographers, on account of the fraud practised upon a copy of it, now in the public library at Cambridge, England, the date having been altered from 1483 to 1463.

Printing, like painting, as we have intimated, has had its old masters. They were men of profound erudition; and the printing-office was then often a temple of learning, as well as a place of metal types. In 1472 Anthony Koburger was a person eminent for his learning as well as for the excellence of his printing, on which account he was styled, in his day, the "Prince of Printers." Besides his spacious printing-office, at Lyons, he had agents in almost every city of Christendom for the sale of his books. He printed sixteen editions of the Bible, in folio; but his most renowned edition was that of 1483.

In the early days of the art, its professors often wrote translations, or edited the works which they printed. These masters of the typographic art evinced an accuracy and skill of workmanship that has been scarcely surpassed by that of modern times. Hence the charge of magic against Faust and his colleagues, in their production of copies so exactly identical with the originals; the well-known legend of "Dr. Faustus and the Devil" being derived from the fact of their selling Bibles in Paris for sixty crowns, under pretext of their being manuscript, which heretofore had brought six hundred! Being charged with "unholy

dealings," Faust was imprisoned ; and, in order to regain his liberty, he revealed the secret of his newly discovered art. To attempt thus early to print the Bible was an enterprise of no ordinary kind ; and it was one as beautiful and appropriate in its significance, as it was costly and laborious in its production. A colossal statue of Gutenberg, by Thorwaldsen, was erected at Mentz (or Mayence) ; and on the 14th of August, 1837, in the presence of a great multitude of persons interested in letters, from all parts of the world, was inaugurated the festival commemorative of the great discoverer of the printing-press, on which occasion the first Bible printed by Gutenberg was displayed in the cathedral.

The primal printer of England, Caxton, was a wealthy London merchant, who, in 1464, having been commissioned by Edward IV. to negotiate a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, on his return to England took with him the invaluable discovery of the German printers. It is estimated that Caxton printed in his "chapel," at Westminster Abbey, sixty-four distinct works. Subsequently he removed his business to another part of the city, where, although then somewhat advanced in life, he devoted himself, in addition to his printing, to the work of translating—to the extent, indeed, of about five thousand closely printed folio pages. One of his most popular translations was the well-known German legend of "Reynard the Fox." Caxton was, moreover, the friend of that minstrel-monk, Chaucer, whose "Canterbury Tales" he first

printed. Most of his printed books, that have descended to our times, were executed at his office in Fleet Street, "over against the conduit," whither he removed from Westminster Abbey. The entire number of books printed by Caxton have been estimated at not less than four hundred and eighty.

The year 1488 was signalized by the publication of the first edition of the first Greek epic, — the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer. It was printed at Florence in two elegant folio volumes, under the especial supervision of Demetrius Chalcondylas. A choice copy of this work, bound in crimson morocco, is to be found at the Astor Library. It was bought some years ago at the sale of the library of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe, Oxfordshire.

In 1496 Wynkin de Worde, a native of Lorraine, was the next in the order of succession in England, after Caxton. Indeed, he established himself in Caxton's office after the demise of the latter, and gained great renown, by the accuracy and typographical beauty of his numerous publications. He may be said to have introduced classical typography into England, by printing his "*Ortus Vocabulorum*," a work which has formed the basis of Ainsworth's and other subsequent Latin lexicons. Four hundred and eight works emanated from his press, one of the most notable being "*Higden's Polychronicon*," written in Latin, and translated by John de Trevisa, in 1357. It is an historical *olla podrida*. Wynkin de Worde died in 1534, and his remains are in St. Bride's Church, London.

Leaving London, and crossing the English Channel, we find there was an eminent German scholar who also devoted himself to the printing-craft, named Froben or Frobenius. He was the especial friend of Erasmus, and he printed the works of that great author. So exact and scrupulously careful was he over his printing, that he was accustomed to expose his proof-sheets to public inspection, offering a reward for the detection of any typographical inaccuracy. He died at Basle, in 1527, lamented by all who knew him, but by none more than by his learned patron, Erasmus, who wrote his epitaph in Greek and Latin.

Henry Stephens (or Estienne) was the founder of a very illustrious family of printers in France. They were not mere mechanical artists, but eminent scholars, and patrons of learning. Besides a prodigious number of classical and grammatical works, of which they were the authors as well as printers, they printed, in all, forty-five editions of the Bible, in different languages. Henry Stephens was appointed printer to the University of Paris. His successors — Henry, Francis, Robert, and Charles — were all conspicuous as scholars and as artists in the same profession. We cannot speak of all of them, but may mention that Robert Stephens, at an early age, gave such remarkable evidence of his genius and learning as to place him in the foremost ranks of the scholarship of his age. Among the valuable productions of his press was an edition of the New Testament (the Latin Vulgate), which was more accurately printed than any

previous edition. As the house of Stephens was the resort of scholars of all countries, the Latin became the language of ordinary conversation among them. Robert Stephens married Petronella, daughter of the celebrated scholar and printer, Badius: she was a woman of great talents, and spoke Latin as fluently as her native tongue.

Robert Stephens's first great original work was "*Dictionarium seu Latinæ Linguae Thesaurus*," two folio volumes. He was honored by the appointment of printer to the King of France for Latin, Greek, and Hebrew works. By his publication of a revised Latin Bible and Greek Testament he seems to have excited the opposition of the divines and professors of the Sorbonne. In the year 1548, when on a journey to Lyons, he is said to have made the subdivision of the chapters of the Bible into verses, which was subsequently adopted in nearly all editions of the Scriptures. To avoid the hostility of the professors, who prevented Stephens selling his Bibles, he went to Geneva, where, during seven years, he published numerous theological works and various editions of the Bible, etc. It has been justly said that no man of modern times has conferred more lasting obligations upon learning and literature than Robert Stephens.

Henry Stephens, son of the forementioned, was born at Paris in 1528, and became early distinguished for his linguistic and mathematical knowledge. He visited the great libraries of the Italian states, and brought to light many valuable manuscripts. In 1559 he edited

and printed the works of Diodorus Siculus, the first time the productions of this historian were printed. Stephens's great monument is his splendid Greek lexicon, "*Thesaurus Linguae Græcæ*," in eight folio volumes, upon which he is said to have bestowed the studious toil of ten long years. It has been well said that there is no scholar to whom the Greek language and literature are under greater obligations than to Henry Stephens, so great and important have been his labors.

What the Stephens family was to France, the Elzevirs were to Holland. Louis, the founder of this race of scholarly and artistic printers, had his offices at Antwerp, Germany, and France, and carried on his extensive business operations upon a splendid scale,—like one of his predecessors (Stephens), occasionally indulging in the luxury of silver types. Their typographic fame is known all over the civilized world. Their editions of Virgil, Terence, and the Greek Testament, are considered the masterpieces of their numerous productions. Louis Elzevir, the first of this family of twelve printers, died in 1616. He is said to have been the first who observed the distinction between the use of the consonant *v* and the vowel *u*, as also of the vowel *i* from the consonant *j*.

We meet with another eminent typographer, Plantin, who retained not only in his friendship, but in his service, many of the most notable scholars of his time, among them the renowned De Thou. Plantin's *chef-d'œuvre* was his "*Biblia Polyglotta*," forming eight folio volumes, a work now of exceeding rarity and value.

Contemporary with the forenamed was another illustrious printer to the University of Leyden, named Rapheleng. He was early a lover of books; and during the civil wars in France he went to England, and taught the learned languages for some time at Cambridge. Going to Antwerp to purchase rare books for the University, he first fell in love with the splendid apparatus of Plantin's printing-office, and soon after with the charms of his daughter, whom he espoused.

There was a noteworthy printer of Amsterdam, named Blaeu, who effected considerable improvements in the printing-press, which were soon generally adopted in England and elsewhere. This ingenious artist was also famous for his astronomical and geometrical productions, having been associated with the famous Tycho Brahe. He died in 1638.

Janson, a celebrated printer of Sedan, France, printed some fine miniature editions of the classics, known to collectors, and now exceedingly rare and highly prized.

Richard Royston is worthy of note as having printed the celebrated work entitled "Eikon Basilike, or the Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings," of which fifty editions, it is said, were printed in one year. The authorship of this work is attributed to Charles I., and is believed to have been written during his confinement at Holmby.

The renowned Aldus Manutius erected a printing-press about the close of the fifteenth century, at Venice, where he introduced into use the *Italic* letter, so called

after his native country. The honor of the first Greek press has, by some writers, been ascribed to him ; and judging from the zeal which he evinced in the progress of Greek typography, and the number and variety of the works of Greek authors which he gave to the world, few will dispute his claim. The history of the celebrated family of printers — of which Aldus was the founder, and of which the lineal descendants continued for upward of a century to carry on the business — is replete with interest. Their very name has become a synonyme for accuracy and beauty of typography.

Pursuing the chronological order, we next meet with another eminent printer, Jodocus Badius of Paris, who derived his second name from his native town, Badius, in France, where he first established himself as a printer, corrector of the press, and author. When he removed to Paris, he printed the “*Philobiblion*,” compiled by that patron of learning, Richard de Bury, the founder of Oxford University.

Richard Grafton, scholar and printer, of London, — eminent as both, — lived in the troublous times of Papal persecution, and was imprisoned for printing “*Matthews’s Bible*.” In 1548 he printed a fine edition of “*Hall’s Chronicle*,” concerning the wars of York and Lancaster, the greater portion of which chronicle, he states, he wrote himself.

Christopher Barker, the printer to Queen Elizabeth, lived in St. Paul’s Churchyard. He received from the Crown a patent for his great improvement in printing.

His name, and that of his son Robert, are on the imprint of several editions of the English Bible, including the "Bishops'" and the "Genevan." Robert Barker was also a great friend of learning. It is stated that he paid for correcting the translation of the Bible, the sum of thirty-five hundred pounds, no inconsiderable amount in the times in which he lived — the reign of James I. Robert Barker will long be remembered as the printer of the first edition of our present "Authorized Version" of the Bible, in 1611.

Contemporary with the Barkers was another notable typographer, named Norton, who also held the appointment of printer to the Queen. He was the first who practised the art in Eton College. He was also noted for his editions of classical literature, and at his demise he left a thousand pounds to the Stationers' Company for benevolent purposes.

John Day, the most distinguished typographer of his time, had hardly commenced his professional career when the Marian persecution consigned him to prison, in company with John Rogers, the martyr. Having subsequently obtained his release, however, Day fled beyond the seas. On his return to London, in 1556, he was admitted into the "Livery of the Stationers' Company," being the first so received. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he devoted his press mainly to the printing of works relating to the Protestant Reformation and Reformers. He was not a mere mechanical printer or artisan, but a scholar, and promoter of learning. Day was the first to introduce Saxon

characters ; and, in addition to his Saxon and Italian types, he brought the Greek to great perfection. Two hundred and forty-five works bear his imprint. Another noteworthy fact connected with John Day is, that he was liberally endowed with "hostages to the State," having had no less than twenty-six children.

Another notable member of the typographic fraternity was John Ogilby, known to scholars by his translation of Homer, which he printed in a stately folio, with copper-plate illustrations. He also produced an elegant edition of the Bible, for which he was remunerated by the British Parliament. Ogilby, who was printer to Charles II., and became a voluminous writer, was born near Edinburgh in 1600 : he was originally a dancing-master, afterward was appointed Deputy Master of the Revels of Dublin, where he erected a theatre. On the breaking out of the Irish Rebellion he went to Cambridge, when he was commissioned to conduct the coronation of Charles II., and of which he published a pompous account in folio, with plates.

As an illustrative instance of the perils of printers in former times, we may mention the case of one John Twyn, who was a printer of London in the reign of James II. L'Estrange, the licenser of the Press, having received secret information, set out on a search for illegal publications. Having summoned his assistants, and proceeding to Cloth Fair, — which had been Milton's hiding-place when he had "fallen on evil days," — they discovered the heretical thinker, — the above-mentioned Twyn. His door being opened by its unfor-

fortunate owner, and inquisition being made,—although efforts were made for their concealment,—enough of the offending sheets of the publication were found to support a charge. Twyn's apprentice was put into the witness-box to give evidence against his master, and they found it an easy matter to convict him of treason. The poor printer urged in his defence that he was "a poor man, with three small children dependent upon him," and that "he had never read a word of the offending papers."

Another worthy printer of eminence was Thomas Ruddiman, of whose talents and learning his productions afford the most satisfactory proofs. His personal character was adorned with many virtues, which won for him the esteem of all who knew him. When about sixteen years of age he left his home without the knowledge of his father, and went to King's College, Aberdeen, in order to gain by competition—which he did—a prize, which he had heard was given annually to genius and learning. In a short time he obtained the degree of Master of Arts, and afterward, in 1702, the office of Librarian to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Ruddiman has immortalized himself by his Latin Grammar, his Livy, and his Virgil, with elaborate annotations, as well as by his unblemished personal reputation and skill as a printer.

And yet another illustration of industry and literary skill is seen in the instance of the eminent printer, bookseller, and author, Peter Vander of Leyden, who was born in 1661, and died in 1730. He contrived, in

less than half a century, to compile nearly one hundred folio volumes, in addition to the management of a large printing-office and an extensive bookselling business.

Lintot, Tonson, and Taylor held the appointment of printers to the House of Commons from 1715 to 1727.

Richardson, who belongs to the craft, has conferred no little honor upon it by his talents. His "*Clarissa Harlowe*," one of the most pathetic tales ever written, at once gave great literary reputation to its author. "It is probable," wrote Dr. Drake, "that no book, in any language, ever occasioned so many tears to flow as the '*Clarissa*' of Richardson."

The eminent printer, William Bowyer of London, was one of the few printers allowed by the "Star Chamber:" he was also many years a valuable member of the Stationers' Company.

Samuel Buckley, who closed his earthly career as a printer of celebrity in the year 1741, was an excellent linguist, having mastered the Latin, Dutch, French, and Italian languages. Seven volumes of the original edition, in folio, of "*The Spectator*" were printed and published by him. He is referred to in "*The Tattler*."

In the roll of illustrious printers we might indeed include the celebrated Horace Walpole; for he had a printing establishment at his well-known country-house, Strawberry Hill. In one of his letters to Sir Horace Mann, in 1757, he thus alludes to the fact: "In short, I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage into a printing-office. My Abbey is a perfect college or academy: I kept a painter in the house,

and a printer." The first production of his press was the "Odes" of Gray, with designs by Bentley. Dibdin, in his "Bibliomania," gives a detailed account, both of Strawberry Hill and the numerous works printed at the Walpole Press.

In many of the royal palaces of Europe, printing-presses have at various times been erected, at which even potentates have become printers, for amusement. There was a press, in 1758, in the Palace of Versailles ; and the Marchioness of Pompadour had a press in her apartment, by which she beguiled her elegant leisure by printing one of the tragedies of Corneille. Louis XVI., in his early days, also printed, by his own hand, a small edition of "Maximes de Télémaque," dated 1766.

The printing-office has been called "the poor boy's college," and such it has not unfrequently proved ; for literature and science have been to no small extent indebted to members of the craft for their contributions. The printing-office has also been styled "the mint," at which the treasures of mind are coined, and become intellectual currency.

"Ennobling Art! what honored names are thine!
Scholars, like him that versed the holy page,
Philosophers that turned the lightning's path,
And poets who have tuned the living lyre!"

The names of eminent men who belong to the press would fill a scroll whose length would astonish the reader. There was in France, for example, besides the names we have mentioned, Michelet, Béranger, and Rousseau, nephew of the renowned writer of that

name. This Samuel Rousseau, who became partner with Nichols, the printer of the "Gentleman's Magazine," was a singular instance of patient perseverance in linguistic studies ; for he employed his intervals of leisure in the acquisition of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Persian, and Arabic. During the time he was a printer, he taught the Persian language, and compiled and published several Oriental works.

William Bulmer, whose name is associated with all that is correct and beautiful in printing, did much to bring the art in England to its present state of perfection. Of all the productions issued from his Shakespeare Press, Dibdin's *Bibliographical Decameron* bears the palm.

There is, again, the name of Ballantyne, once the printer of Sir Walter Scott's numerous productions.

Nor must it be forgotten that Henry Woodfall was a printer, of Paternoster Row, London ; since his memory will always be dear to literature from his association with the "Letters of Junius."

The productions of Baskerville of Birmingham have long been held in great esteem by book-collectors. Dibdin says that he combined the excellences of Plantin and the Elzevirs in his typography. He seems to have been a laborious and lavish devotee to his profession. He trusted nothing to others, but was at once his own manufacturer of ink, presses, chases, moulds for casting, etc.

William Strahan was an eminent printer. From obscurity he worked his way to fame and fortune.

That genial essayist, Leigh Hunt, was in early life connected with the printing and editing of the London "Examiner."

James Montgomery, it will be remembered, was a printer as well as poet, many of his earlier poetic effusions having first appeared in the columns of the Sheffield "Iris."

Hansard, the printer and editor of the long series of the "Parliamentary Debates," also wrote his *Typographia*,—a history of the art,—and was a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

There is yet another name honored among bibliopoles, that of Timperley, whose "Encyclopædia of Literary and Typographical Anecdote" has done so much to rescue from oblivion many of the noble names among the craft that have shed lustre upon letters.

The earliest seat of civilization in the New World received the art of printing from Antonius de Mendoza, about the year 1535. Among the early productions of the press at Mexico was Molina's "Mexican Vocabulary," published in 1571, and his "Doctrina Christiana in Lingua Mexicana." A copy of the first named is in the Astor Library. Independently of its great rarity, a melancholy interest attaches to the latter work, from the fact of a copy of it having once been the property of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian. After his death the copy was sold, at Leipsic, to an agent of the British Museum; and it now graces the rich collection of the literary rarities there.

Among the multitudinous objects of interest that attracted the gaze of the curious at the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, was the old press which was used by Franklin when in London, in 1725. Well might a votary of the Muse devote a tributary stanza to the genius who taught us how to print by the slow process of the hand-press, and then to draw lightning from the skies : —

“And now the lightning’s wing of fire,
Which first was tamed beneath his hand,
Takes, on its path of slender wire,
The printer’s words from land to land.”

One of the craft has technically described him as the * of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all, every ¶ of his life being without a ¶. After such a glowing apostrophe, it would be folly to attempt further eulogy.

Samuel Green, the founder of an extensive family of printers, who settled at Boston, succeeded Stephen Day as printer to the College of Cambridge, about 1648. He printed the celebrated Eliot’s Indian Bible, now so rare, and highly prized by bibliomaniacs. Day also printed the “Psalms in Metre, Translated for the Use of the Saints” (in New England), dated 1640. There is a copy of this scarce production in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Printing was first introduced into our metropolitan city of New York, by William Bradford, in the year 1692. Bradford, who had previously exercised his art

in Philadelphia, held the situation of printer to the government for upward of fifty years, as did the fore-mentioned Stephen Day his appointment of printer to the College of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

During our Revolutionary struggle for Independence, notable women worked at the printing-press, while their husbands or brothers were doing sterner work for history. Among those memorable women was Mary Goddard of Providence, R.I., who has the honor of having first printed the immortal Declaration of Independence. Who, then, does not honor the noble craft? For is not its mission —

“To hold and trim the torch of Truth,
And wave it o’er the darkened earth?
To sway the yearning heart of youth,
And give to earnest thought its birth?
This is thy mission to thy kind,
Thou mighty Mercury of Mind!”

It is not the purport of this sketch to refer to modern representatives of the craft.

Thus having, although very imperfectly, rendered tribute to the printing-press, and some of its more renowned devotees, we may perhaps be permitted to allude briefly to a few of the *errata* that have occasionally defaced their otherwise beautiful productions. Scaliger particularizes the celebrated “Lexicon Græcum” of Robert Constantine, as a work abounding in typographical errors. Grimm, in his memoirs, mentions the instance of an irate French author having died in a fit of anger, in consequence of the typo-

graphical errors which disfigured the publication of his work. Typographical blunders, indeed, may be said to have existed as long as the printers themselves; and notwithstanding Papal anathema, and the castigation of the critic, a *perfect* specimen volume of typographical accuracy has not yet been produced. Not only have poets been put into purgatory by false punctuation and false orthography, but writers of sober prose have been also subjected to like pains and penalties. We have read of a certain votary of the Muse, who used to chirp through the columns of a popular magazine, and who was made to sing about *leaden-booted hours* instead of lazy-footed hours. In extenuation, it has been urged, since even Homer did sometimes nod, that proof-readers may almost be excused if they occasionally take a nap. But, on the other hand, it is to be remembered, that, of all the mistakes which are committed in this world, a misprint is the most indelible. Other mishaps may be possibly retrieved, but not so the *lapsus typæ*, — they remain.

Typographical errors have been very prolific in editions of the Sacred Scriptures. An edition of the Latin Vulgate printed at Rome, in 1590, every sheet of which Pope Sextus V. had corrected, and to which he appended a bull of excommunication against any person who should alter the text, proved to be so full of errors that it had to be suppressed. In the reign of Charles I. an important omission was discovered in an edition of our English Bible: it occurred in the seventh clause of the Decalogue. For their

remissness, the unfortunate printers were summoned before the high commissioners, who actually fined them three thousand pounds for the offence. Not to instance other examples, we might come down to our own times, and mention the ludicrous fact of a celebrated clerical gentleman who was made (in print) to say, in describing the burial of a friend, that "disconsolate *fiends* stood riveted to the *sport!*" instead of disconsolate friends stood riveted to the spot.

The Rev. Mr. Jay of Bath, England, once preached a sermon from the words, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." The discourse was printed, but before publication the proof-sheet put *wife* for life; to which the preacher made a marginal note, thus: "That depends upon circumstances." The omission of the letter *n* in a printed hotel advertisement made the strange announcement that *mice* pies would be furnished for the delectation of guests. The substitution of *s* for *a*, once made similar havoc with the description of the opening of a new church edifice near New York, it being stated that it took place under very *suspicious* circumstances, instead of auspicious.

A curious illustration of the perpetuation of a mistake, with a singular origin, is afforded by one of the editors of Littleton's Latin Dictionary. While this work was passing through the press, the author was much annoyed by the printers; and on one occasion, while talking with the proprietor of the office, a compositor, thrusting a slip of copy under his nose, asked him what English word should be placed after the

Latin *Condoneo*, the space having been left blank. "Get away with you!" said the irritated doctor: "condog you, be off!" The compositor accordingly gave this strange definition, "*Condoneo*, v. a., to condog," which escaped the proof-reader's notice, and has given to that edition of the dictionary the name of the Condog edition.

Yet, after all their *errata*, all honor to the professors of the "Art preservative of arts!" Do we not owe to them the literary currency of the world, and the common, yet costly, luxury of books?

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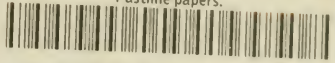
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